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THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN
NOVEMBER 1995

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BY RICHARD RAYNER

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BY WILL SELF

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Esquire

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BY JOHN TAYLOR

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a latter-day Teddy Roosevelt. But
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Sometimes the perfect pair of shoes on a woman can
sweep a man off his feet. Notes on a venerable passion.

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Following *The Last Seduction*, the actress is a star
in spite of herself. But when it comes to
playing femmes fatales, she's on the fence.

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Our fourteenth annual selection of the best new restaurants, the
chefs to watch, the dishes to try, and the Restaurant of the Year.



COVER: STYLING BY JENNIFER LUTHE; GROOMING BY JESSIE JAMES; MAKE-UP: CLOUTIER

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COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE LORET

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Reality Check

Hillary Clinton can get it wholesale, Michael Ovitz is double-teamed, Newt Gingrich turns yellow, Gary Hart seems a little fickle, Demi Moore is sequestered, Henry Heimlich isn't in on the gag, and more.

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Grand Marnier, slightly less mysterious than the meaning of life.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

Whole Lotta Love

I remember my first impulse was raw sexual. I said, Let me pick up the August *Woman* We Love issue of *Esquire* and have the pleasure of seeing Cindy Crawford nude. But you sneaky magazine played a helluva switch. Once you got me into the pages, you charmed me with great writing, a little titillation on the cover and then, inside, diorama, substance. And where I thought I could breeze through I ended up having to take time to enjoy content. Oh, well, code to *Esquire* what is uniquely *Esquire's*. You folks do have good taste in women to select.

—MARK ALLEN
New York, N.Y.

HAS ANYONE noticed that all the articles about Cindy Crawford read the same way? She's perfected a charming pout, and the male reporters all fall for it. Blinded by beauty, you put her in the pantheon of *Woman* We Love. What exactly is so lovable? She cheered on her husband and always leaves the impression that when the words is not really a man but a lapdog. You guys are only too happy to comply.

—MARCO RIVERS
New York, N.Y.

BREATHENING that is all that needs to be, or can be, and about Cindy Crawford's picture on the August cover.

—MAYE LOWERY
Mesa, Ariz.

VOTER APPROVING of Cindy Crawford was perfect. The pout, while displaying her vulnerability and near-perfection show an inner strength and self-awareness that I love in women. She's a true heartbreaker. Thanks also for the raunchy and mature manner in which you portray women and address our relationships with them. Men are men and always will be, and women are just (even my wife) though the mainstream media want to forget that.

—LANCE K. MEYER
West Covina, Calif.



THE FACT THAT the lovely and intelligent Marcus Clark cuts a swath through many men's souls was confirmed by *Esquire's* selection of her as *Woman of the Year* since the beginning of the year. Mr. Clark's vulnerability and humanity have stood in marked contrast to the opportunistic men's-club partnership of the Dream Team opponents. Regardless of the trial's outcome, she will leave an indelible image of power and beauty on the face of jurisprudence.

—JEFF HUBBS
Seattle, Wash.

FOR THE PURPOSE of a fair and well-grounded opinion, Marcus Clark virtually abandoned her two children. Then, when her husband goes for custody so that the kids will have the benefits of at least one parent, she's in court, convincing it, showing the light interests are best served by shuffling them off to full-time day care. And this is a woman we love! I don't think so.

—TIM WHEELER
San Diego, Calif.

HOW COULD Ron Rosenbaum credit Hugh Grant's charms to Elizabeth Hurley? There is not one article I've read about Hurley that does not contain Hugh Grant's name. Also, if Hurley gave life to Grant, then why is she still with him after his betrayal? I would say she needs him.

—JENNIE HE
Boulder, N.J.

THE ABRETTING WOMEN of contemporary television aren't juggle babies or poem quizzers. They're tough, telling, tough thinking women who can take care of business without pulling out their cleavage or their weapons. Clearly, *Esquire* writes) up to the challenge of demonstrating why these female actors are the cutting edge of the industry.

—KATHARINE J. YEE
San Francisco, Calif.

DAD I RECEIVE my April Fool's issue We Love included? My copy of *Woman* We Love included pictures of Pina Douscher and Mimi Garguch's boob.

er (That is a guy in the photo, right?) Not to mention that Terry McMillan was called "among the foremost literary figures of this century." And to top it off, Beanie Siemsen and Natalie Merchant were conspicuously absent. Thank God for Elizabeth Hurley. Katrina van der Horst, and, yes, thank God for Cindy. These women were the only way I knew the issue was far real.

—SCOTT DUNHAM
New Bedford, N.Y.

THE ONLY THING Joe Quattrone forgot to mention in an otherwise superb review appreciation of Pige Dayberry was that she was in one of the most ironic scenes ever filmed. Do yourself a favor and read *The Thomas Crown Affair* and watch her play chess.

—LESLIE PETER
Ann Arbor, Mich.

HOW DISAPPOINTING it is to read the wish that Courtney Love checks on her own vomit. Why does the magazine such tale among male journalists? Her sex is apparently twofold. Like Roseanne, she is often unemotionally, transparently unattractive, and as with Yoko Ono, there are those who revere her for surviving her beloved husband. Both scenarios are as childish as they are transparently hypocritical. I don't ask anyone to love Love, but why hate her?

—JEFF SCARFONE
Boulder, N.J.

IT'S WONDERFUL that you love Celine Dion. McCormack might as well as skirt far her, but I think she'd be more surprised if you guys knew what she looked like. That's Sophie Marceau in the photo.

—EMMA L. STEININGER
Alhambra, N.J.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Esquire* inadvertently ran a picture of Sophie Marceau in place of Catherine McCormack (saying so to our Marceau twice in one issue). We do, however, stand by our love for Catherine McCormack. In fact, it's blind.

Letters to the editor should be mailed to The Sound and the Fury, Esquire, 1200 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10020, or sent by E-mail to esquireletters.com (include your full name, address and daytime phone number). Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

CONCORD ON...



TIME

I know what time it is, said Augustine of Hippo, (5th century philosopher). "But if someone asks me, I cannot tell them."

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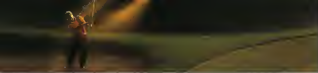
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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

YOU ONLY LIVE FIVE TIMES? (Sighing) You're James Bond, that is direct. He first appeared onscreen in 1963. Ian Fleming's legendary spy has been portrayed by four different men (five if you count David Niven in the dreadful Casino Royale, an extreme delusion film [archival], Casino Royale and Now Say Never Again are not part of the series), making it

the most successful franchise in movie history. This month, of course, we're back in GoldenEye starring Pierce Brosnan, but where exactly does he fit into the post-cold-war, postfeminist, postindustrial, postpolitical, postmodern and what kinds of babes is he having with?

These and other pressing questions are answered in our November page Bond session, beginning with **Richard Rayner's** essay exploring the universal desire that men (and plenty of women) have to be James Bond ("Of Human Bondage," page 74). Rayner, who in English, says the secret to Bond's hold on us "has to do with being seven or eight.... The stress affected me in child hood. Just as I was becoming aware of books and films and girls, James Bond came along in an introduction to the world of adults." Rayner is the author of *The Elephant and Los Angeles Without a Map*. His most recent book is *The Blue Set* (Houghton Mifflin), and, yes, take note: It's a memoir of crime.

British novelist **Neil Self**, however, feels "an broodra" toward Bond: "I love his sexuality, his almost quixotic love of cigarettes, drink, and 'my shirt,'" says Self, author of *Click and Pull: My Idea of Fun and Quantity Theory of Jealousy* (Atlantic Monthly Press). "But I think he's intensely perverse and such." Which might explain why in Self's new Bond adventure ("License to Hiss," page 86), our goss, shall we say, self: "I wanted to toss out the real Bond, who's stuffed his own sex and aggression so far down that it takes a split of pot to bring him out."

LISTENING TO NEWSY GOSSETT talk is a lot like sitting at a Maat. Everything is great from a distance, but as you



Lisa Barker



Will Self



Richard Rayner



John Mariani

by the most effective politician in the country today."

There are plenty of people who think they're geniuses, but only those fortunate enough to meet a MacArthur Fellowship can truly claim they are. In "Night of the Living Geniuses" (page 62), **Jack Hitt** infiltrates the recent MacArthur weekend in Chicago—son of Stalin and Bosnia means Mieser—in fact out what is taken to be one "World War accept such an honor?" "Well, no one's really going to say so to anyone," says Hitt, a contributing editor of *Harper's* and *Longue France*, "especially when the title 'genius' is attached to it." Hitt is the author of *Off the Road: A Modern-Day Walk Down the Pilgrim's Route into Spain*.

As for our contributing editor **Chip Brown** is concerned, if the shoe fits, worship it. In "Hail, Boy!" (page 101), Brown confesses his passion for women's footwear—admitting it, not wearing it. "This may not be one of the many things that should be treated by a psychiatrist," says Brown. Unless your therapist happens to be Imelda Staunton.

With last year's selection of the best new restaurants in America, food and travel correspondent **John Marcus** called for a ten-year moratorium on "gold-plated extreme dishes." Sadly, his cry went unheeded, but the brave Marcus, whose latest book is *The Four Seasons* (Crown), returns with "Chosen" (page 105). And he is encouraged by one significant change: "There's never been a better time to eat out in the United States because the prices are so low and the quality is so high." However—are you lowering this time, restaurants?—he's had it with extreme cuisine.

If contributing editor **Lisa Barker** had attended Catholic school with Linda Fiorentino, you get the impression they would have smoked a lot of cigarettes, worn their skirts much too short, and tortured their boyfriends ("Linda Fiorentino's Dirty Little Secret," page 106). "Actually, we probably would have been really boring bookworms," says Barker, though we don't believe her. At one point during her reporting, Barker suggested bringing Fiorentino to the (weekly) weekly *Esquire* bookish game. "She told me that when she plays in L.A., they always have the weakest possible hand," Barker says. "Big mistake." ■

GIORGIO ARMANI

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Reality Check

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over proletarianism, has been trying to uncover the modeling industry's dirty secret. After some typically catty behind-the-scenes banter between competing union organizers, a look at though feminist models have finally



You were expecting Eugenie V. Brins?

become guided. The Transport Workers Union, which already represents more than three hundred thousand bus drivers, railroad workers, and other equally glum

Debbie Jeopardy

Get Me Retrial!

Jenni Holm can change the ending to *The Scarlet Letter*, she ought to work women with a year-old party-going movie that nobody saw. At least that's what many people think of the lurid-sounding plot of Moore's next film, *The Jane*

In 1994, Warner Bros. released *True* by **James Wanley** and **William Burt**, which quickly disappeared from the box office. Some theorists **George** **Swain** Green published his novel *The Jane* which Columbia Pictures bought for \$15 million. Both films concern a Mafia don on trial. The mob targets out one member of the jury and pressures her into turning around her verdict and the other jury members as well. If



Deirdre gets into trial in *True*'s next.

she can't, the mob will kill her and her son.

That lead a corrupt cop who refers to himself as "the teacher" and falls in love with the woman. And, besides, he's also a disciple of *Law* and

Two games about a hundred letters from complete strangers who were outraged by the *novelizations*," says *True* by jury writer and director Hollywood

not planning to see *Novella* Green. Meanwhile, says *mod* only, "I was lashed for any conspiracy all over the world." And although "four thousand" people have pointed out the similarities to him, he dismisses them as "just coincidence." In fact, Green says he's never watched the film on video because "it seemed like an unpleasant way to spend an evening." Nobody has ever seen anything like *The Jane*." At least since *True* by jury

Threat-Glaring

This Gag's on Him

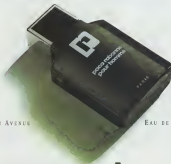
Peter **Barry** **Heimlich**. The man who made choking-to-death in restaurants a thing of the past has never been able to win his famous maneuver as an emergency. The seventy-five-year-old Dr. Heimlich, who has become a vegetarian activist on behalf of Physicians for Responsible Medicine, frequently visits restaurants in hopes of catching a choking diner he can rescue, says a friend. "It's so ironic. He's become so famous for the Heimlich maneuver that his name is in most computer spell-check programs, but now he's worried that he's going to die without even getting the chance to use it." Kind of chokes you up, doesn't it?



Keep protecting Dr. Heimlich.




WHAT IS REMEMBERED IS UP TO YOU.



Saks Fifth Avenue

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paco rabanne
PARIS

A scenic landscape featuring a river with white water rapids flowing over dark rocks. In the background, there are mountains with patches of snow and dense forests with trees in vibrant autumn colors of orange, red, and yellow. Large, three-dimensional green letters spelling out 'KOOL' are positioned in the middle of the river, partially submerged in the rapids. To the right of the letters, two small figures of people are standing on a rocky outcrop, looking towards the mountains.

KOOL

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MAN AT HIS BEST

EDITED BY ANITA LECLERC
MOVIES

The Last Girlfriend

IT SURPRISES the course of action that both *Shaw* as so make one's way through some of the most purely underappreciated movies in American video. The video doesn't matter. She always played The Girlfriend. Packaged in singles and seasons, Shaw was offered up like a divine gift to boyfriend-heroes when they did something really gross, like *Henry Ralph Macchio's* vomit-purging on camera bond of *Acen* karate yodels in *The Karate Kid* or *Tina Turner's* missing the hell out of any number of complicated tropical drinks in *Carolina*. "I had this feeling inside," she says of those years, "that I didn't know who I was or what I was capable of."

The other Shaw: Elizabeth Shaw—out of the girlfriend ghetto and into a real role

Elizabeth has been hand-off another seemingly thankless role: *Sister of Andrew Shaw*, her ten years in the business suddenly eclipsed by her younger brother's makeover into *Melrose Place* heartthrob. But no matter. She's finally found her movie. In the new and gross *Leaving Las Vegas*, Shaw plays Sena, a burned-out hooker who experiences true love by learning dated screenwriter Nicolas Cage do what he really wants to do, which is drink himself to death as rapidly as possible. "I was shocked at how easy it was for me to play this part," she says. "I pictured Sena in some ways like me." If only Hollywood knew how well she had trained her.

Now, some may wonder there's a distinction to be made between a beautiful prostitute and a vulnerable, frustrated actress particularly one who grew up in suburban New Jersey, has attended both Wellesley and Harvard, and got her acting break as a Burger King consumer and then for Shaw, her surprising turn as Sena is a release from all the self-conscious, good-girls she never believed in, a vindication of her own darker, somewhat nature. (How bereft must her character be to find a suicidal Nick Cage a comfort?) "I can't see those people as losers," she says. "They find honesty in the darkest places."

—JOANNE HOOGES

TECH

Smooth Curves and Soft Shoulders



A RECENT computer ad describes its product as "a handy carrying case for Windows 95." There's a key truth there. Computer hardware is simply a container for software. As PCs become just another consumer-electronics commodity, manufacturers can compete on price or on style. Hewlett-Packard and Acer have embraced style, replacing the familiar boxes with softer, more sculptural shapes.

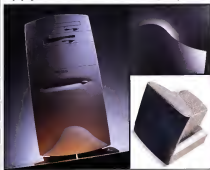
Acer, the Taiwanese branch of the Taiwanese IBM-clone maker, hired the frogdesign firm to create its Aspire PCs in oneworld and charcoal with a

darkish purple they call berry on its podlike feet and wrist-rest. The shapes of microphone and disc-drive openings are soft and elliptical, and the cooling vents, which on most machines have simple gridlike shapes, are here covered with a random pattern of round holes. Like a hallel-riddled road sign or a star map

Hewlett-Packard's Pavilion computers, the work of Lunar Design, offer buttons and offices so biomorphic that you feel you ought to say something soft and seductive before you touch them. In short, this is hardware that aspires to the sensibility of software.

Both Acer and HP also provide their own software "skins" to make using their machines easier—and to soften the interface between the on-screen programs and their contentful box. The green of Acer's skin neatly matches the emerald of the monitor and complements the charcoal. HP's Personal Page has high-style graphics to dress up the Windows 95 box. **B**

Sexy styling: Hewlett-Packard Pavilion disk drive and monitor deck; Acer Aspire monitor



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MEDIA

Katz on the Couch

I WAS RIGHT about now in 1993, when Freud noticed that hypnosis helped make hysterical people sane, who less hysterical in our satirized-obessed culture, a there an adequate way to communicate the carnality of the subconscious, read! Short of trying Freud in a seminar for critics against the movie, there is only one answer: a prime-time cartoon.

And Jonathan Katz, a stand-up comic, screenwriter, and obnoxious genius from Newton, Massachusetts, has become for the purposes of the adult contemporary audience, Dr. Katz Performed Therapy.

The show, which began thirteen new episodes this month on Comedy Central, tells the story of Dr. Katz (who is the live-drawn you and image of our Katz), a lonely therapist whose wardrobe consists of yellow shirts and red ties, his sister, his unemployed son, Ben, who seeks attention only as a "dissident", Katz's perceptive secretary, Laura, who is his fiancée, and his parents, who are all strained versions of flesh-and-blood working comedians.

That combination alone puts Dr. Katz on par with the coiled Sigmund and Merton Stern's grin, then lovel Com playfully Mental Misadventures of

Psych job: Analyst-Victim straight man Dr. Katz, Mr. Katz, computer comes

Dr. Katz is not done in conventional frame by frame animation. Instead, the cartoon employs a technique called Squigglevision, created by Katz's partner, Tom Snyder. Squigglevision involves making a single line drawing of a character, tracing it unevenly several times, and computer-generating the traces hundreds of times, which gives the animation a throbbing sense of movement. Katz compares the effect to Jell-O and says that, some people find it "weird," meaning that for every ten people who don't like it at all, we've found twelve people who don't mind it very much.

And unlike other cartoons, Dr. Katz is done in audio first. All dialogue between Dr. Katz and his patients starts in a normal but Katz's conscious guests bring to the studio. The comic routines are then "re-recorded" (read: improved) into the logic of the Katz Ranch, which is actually Snyder's pottery in Cambridge. The sophomore season features Steven Wright, Rita Rudner, Richard Lewis, and, sensually Garry Shandling, who can't be confirmed because he "inherits the right to withdraw from all relationships." Katz has also just finished writing *Final Cut: The Making of the Great Canadian Apes*, a "pseudo-documentary about a fictitious nature film," which David Mamet will direct. And his perfect therapist-victim dealplan just earned Katz an Emmy for best voice over. The forty-eight-year-old Katz remains philosophical about the recognition: "I have a lot of friends who haven't won Emmys," he says, "and they're really hard to be around now."

—MARK WARREN

The Baddest Word

A WORD THAT LAYS CLAIM to an entire letter of the alphabet—or an entire book—is one mighty word. Take *The F-Word* (Random House), you onto a historical dictionary with a devil himself by Ben Elment Jr., cross to nearly two hundred pages of definitions, etymological speculations, and literary citations during the twentieth century. (The first recorded usage, *misleading*, reads: "The word is not in because I because they lack the word of the.") As you ponder how the "f" word is applied to every imaginable situation, every action, and everyone and (especially) his mother, you realize the essential value in about virtually everything—about, finally, the collision of culture and opportunity and between desire that defines the human condition. At the least, it might save you from penning out the unfortunate fellow who asks you for a Dutch book.



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The Style Militia

As the first camouflaged military equipment sailed through Ford's during World War I, Picasso turned to his fellow cubist Georges Braque and said, "We did that." Camouflage did begin as an original artistic exercise as Abbott Thayer, the turn-of-the-century American landscape painter who formulated such camouflage principles as "disruptive patterning"—but lately it has evolved into fashion. In the process, it has become less suggestive than decorative.

Today's outdoorsman is better camouflaged than a Special Forces commando of a generation ago. Whether you're a militiaman battling environmental conspiracy or a bow hunter shopping at the local Pedomore, you're confronted with more choices in camo than ever, thanks to the booming market in war surplus and the intervention of innovative designers mixing usages to weekend warriors of all stripes.

In 1910, Jan Cranley introduced the first successful nonmilitary camo pattern, Tetrark. Now canvas and leatherside like designer legs Bill Jordan of Columbus, Georgia, is the Carlin of camo—he licenses his Realtree and Advantage patterns to some three hundred firms making everything from fly-fishing vests to thermal bottles. And in the surplus market, the old bobby olive drab and brown meet new camo with the Easy-Repurpose of Bundeswehr's Flecktarn and Benetton's Fleckton, along with

Winter White Predator: From L. L. Bean's catalog.



Realtree All-Purpose Brown: Comes in four different leaf tones.



1944 Wehrmacht dot pattern: Iridescent snook, U.S. Country.



Fall Gray Predator: Another shade from the Boon of Nature.



Advantage One: One of Bill Jordan's signature designs.



season like Darnedback based on the idea of the re-serve and replace.

Like fashion, camouflage has seasons. The woodland patterns in which the military engaged to defend the Fella Gap have given way to those of the Third World. The Gulf war triggered a find in the desert patterns designed at the Army's Individual Protection.

Discretion and long denied by GIs as "sensitive." And L. L. Bean offers the Predator pattern in fall gray and fall brown, winter white and spring green.

Like fashion, too, camo can be retro and historical. U.S. Country (800-777-7771) the catalog offering "the world's finest military and adventure equipment," promises a dizzying variety of camo replicas licensed by SWAT team fans and special ops buffs. You can order a French Gorge jacket, first used in the Algerian campaign, or the tiger stripe, an early Vietnam favorite that became the dress uniform of General Menard Noriega. The 1944 reversible Wehrmacht dot pattern snook is popular, along with the more contemporary Russian post also used by rebel forces in Georgia and Chechnya. Matching is important, too. Pick a tactical black to go with your jackboots.

But according to the military, the future is with urban camo—"town and country," the Army calls it for house-to-house fighting and in patterns for defusing electronics. The Pentagon has tested a night desert pattern that makes not leaves or rocks but the grid of a night-vision scope.

—JILL TAYLOR



DK MEN
DONNA KAHAN FUEL FOR MEN

To say working with my mother is serious would be a bit of an understatement. Her rigorous pursuit of perfection takes no prisoners. After helping her design a new "longer-leaseback System" parka, I felt as if I spent a week on the rack. Which may be why the Long's Peak Parka™ is essentially a stretched-out, roomier version of our classic Hagaboo Parka™. In Alpen Fleece™, with contrasting shoulder zips.



into a weatherproof Bergandri Cloth™ shelf. So you've got the versatility of a three-in-one parka, plus the added appeal of a little extra length. All in all, the perfect parka. Now if you'd like to argue that point with Mother Nature, I have some shunt screws I'll let you have cheap.

"MOTHER NEVER PUTS A PARKA ON THE RACK WITHOUT PUTTING ME THERE FIRST."

—Tim Doyle, President, Columbia Spartans

TRAVEL

Postmodern Prague

IN THE giddy jubilation following 1989's Velvet Revolution, Prague was the most vigorous performer of all. The lawless, fairytale city with baroque capes and castles, attacked by conquerors, virtually untouched by modern wars, unmodernized under communist rule. And, for most of us, unseen. That the rebellion had been spearheaded by writers, artists, and students (Kundera in the capital, Bohumil Hrabal in the provinces) hardly heightened the intrigue. There's nothing like a newly opened door to ignite the reader's imagination.

Postrevolution, postmodern Prague has not so much held that door open as blown it off its hinges. These days, as leaders of visitors descended on Europe's Most Popular Destination, Western accents and influences (McDonald's, BMW, the Gap) have become ubiquitous. And yet those newcomers who predicted that Prague would slide into a Dreyfusque postmodern have, somehow, gotten it wrong.

Instead, the Czech capital is reinventing itself as a cosmopolitan hub that drives—like Vienna, Paris, and Venice—on the graceful cohabitation of the New and the Old Worlds. Pans plans pop up weekly while hundreds of businesses, smoky beer halls (like U Zlatého Tygry, where Václav Havel

downed half-liter of Pilsner Urquell with Bill Clinton) remain as they were decades ago. Fresh multicultural nightspots open and close in a frenetic club scene while opera-mad Praguers support marathon seasons at the neoclassical Estates Theatre (where *Don Giovanni* pre-

so much served as set-in gladiolus merchant houses in medieval dungeons, and on moonlit terraces overlooking the river-dotted Vltava. U Modré Kachny, an old-fashioned, is the best of a new crop of excellent Czech restaurants that have opened in Mala Strana, an en-

vironment tucked into the three beautifully frescoed rooms. In the delicate manner of post-Soviet-on sleeping quarters, supply is finally catching up with demand. A score of late Western-style hotels now compete with the aristocratic elegance of the hospice (fennel in, mid-ly, by Vltava Square, and the Pilsner's class-defiant spots due. Die-hard nostalgics will make for the Pilsner, a 194-room bastion of 1930s beauty where the Communist party put up comrades like Castro and Che Guevara.

But rules of the bad old days are low on the Czechs' collective consciousness. Praguers are taking to the global village with an incredible lightness of being. They write conversation, ask intelligent questions, read in life's little moments, and business—pleasantly, politely—work to profit by your acquaintance. Havel has called our postmodern era a phase when "something is happening, something is being born...where everything is possible." A pessimist, you might say.

But no storybook that took a millennium to write is easily created. It is in writer's melancholic chills that you most often encounter ghosts of another era. You hear a lonely cello playing Mozart somewhere off



Europe's newest Old World city: Ice cream and under a frozen figure, the cafe at Hotel Europa, an Old Town alleyway, the city at sunrise.

cloves of baroque palaces and crumbling cottages in the foothills beneath Prague Castle. The fire is gone (vermouth, pheasant, salmon), enlightened with mid-century accents and Mountain wine. Come for dinner, and you'll find tables of smartly turned-out diplomats and hapless ro-

manes tucked into the three beautifully frescoed rooms. In the delicate manner of post-Soviet-on sleeping quarters, supply is finally catching up with demand. A score of late Western-style hotels now compete with the aristocratic elegance of the hospice (fennel in, mid-ly, by Vltava Square, and the Pilsner's class-defiant spots due. Die-hard nostalgics will make for the Pilsner, a 194-room bastion of 1930s beauty where the Communist party put up comrades like Castro and Che Guevara.

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Action Against Access is a series of tough initiatives that have as their ultimate goal making all cigarette sales face-to-face transactions so age can be verified in person.

We are confident that, when fully implemented, this program will make a difference.

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We want you to know where we stand.

Facts Matter

As part of *Action Against Access*, all Philip Morris cigarette packs and cartons in the United States will carry the following notice: "Tobacco sale prohibited."

Walter Shapiro

Colin and Semi-Colin

You've read the book, you've heard the hype. Are you ready for Powell-Bradley: The Speech?

APRIL 23, 1996: If Yankee Stadium looked like this every night, George Steinbrenner wouldn't be blustering about moving the team to some Mafia burial ground in New Jersey. Unfortunately for the Boss, the best 500 team that money can buy is playing tonight in Kansas City. For if this was the House That Ruth Built, it has now become the Stadium That Powell Packed! All four networks are broadcasting live, and the kickoff rally of the Colin Powell for President Crusade is expected to draw the largest TV audience since the O.J. verdict. Years of speculation over whether he's a Republican or a Democrat or even a candidate end here and now. The introductory speeches are over—Mayor Rudolph Giuliani, Sen. Hank Brown, General Norman Schwarzkopf, and Mike Omer—so let's go down to the flag draped podium on second base to hear the speech that America has been waiting for.

Fifty years ago, on a night like this, a nine-year-old boy was sitting out there in the bleachers with his father, cheering wildly as Joe DiMaggio hit a three-run homer in the eighth inning to beat the Tigers (Rochell won an all-white game back then). Jackie Robinson came up with the Dodgers the next spring—no I could never dream about playing center field here. And never—not as a nine-year-old, not after the Gulf war ended in triumph, not even seven months ago, when my little book was published—could I have imagined a night like this.

What a journey, an American journey, it has been. Whenever I've gone to life, a part of me has always regarded the Bronx as home. Not the Bronx of today, although this Bronx borough is making a miraculous comeback. But the Bronx of the 1950s, those postwar years. It was a special time, a time of hope, a time when we were all proud to be

Americans. Families of all different backgrounds—Jews, but not Irish, Hispanics, and those of us who were called Niggers then—lived in harmony, relative harmony, side by side. We didn't have much money, but our fathers all had jobs. Our mothers were there to greet us after school. There were good schools, and there was free college education for those who wanted to work hard. And even if times were some times tough, we all knew, because we were Americans, that tomorrow would be better.

"To quote Simon and Garfunkel, 'Where have you gone, Joe DiMaggio?' Where has that America gone?"

"We all know the problems facing our great country—a budget out of control, a biased bureaucracy in Washington, disappearing jobs, crime, broken families, schools that don't teach, and that terrible word racism. I have served this nation in uniform under nine presidents, from the great general Dwight Eisenhower to Bill Clinton. I know the bravery of the battlefield in Vietnam and the Gulf war. I also know the kickboxing in the back rooms of Washington—from the Pentagon to the Oval Office to the halls of Congress.

"Why are those two Americas I know so different? Why can we see the greatest fighting force in world history—brave, dedicated, disciplined, and purposeful men and women, white, black, and Hispanic? Why at the same time are our leaders in Washington—and I know most of them—so short-sighted, so timid, so worried about the polls, so caught up in narrow bureaucratic battles and shill efforts to win partisan advantage? Why is there such a vast gulf between the American people and our elected leaders?"

Since I took off my uniform in 1975, I have given these questions long, hard, and soulful thought. I can only conclude that something has gone wrong—terribly wrong—with our political system itself. Think of how we elect a Congress and a president. Agony-thirty-second attack ads. Oh, more second round bites on the evening news. Polls and more polls. Empty partisan promises. A media that is bored with substance and obsessed with scandal and sensation. Anyone who survives that ordeal knows that they have to run the gamut again to win reelection. So they compromise, so they temporize, so they slavishly follow the polls instead of trying to lead.

"As a citizen, I have always voted for the candidate and

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OUR MAN IN THE WHITE HOUSE

not the party. Not a single line in the Constitution or the Bill of Rights mentions political parties. The two-party system exists out of habit, not necessity. Since I repaired civilian life, I could have declared my allegiance to either of the two major parties. President Clinton, as you may know, has on several occasions kindly invited me to serve in his administration. Many fine Republicans, as you probably do know, urged me last fall to seek that party's nomination in the primaries.

"I rejected the temptation to take the easy route—the tried-and-true road to the White House. Why? Because I believe—and I think you agree—that both parties have become dominated by narrow special-interest groups with their laissez-faire and selfish agendas. This is a single issue, abortion—perhaps the most horrendous choice a woman has to make today. On a moral level, I deplore abortion. But I know the Supreme Court has consistently ruled that abortion should be legal and will be legal. It is the law of the land, and I accept it. That position—a view held by a majority of Americans—means that I could not win the Republican nomination. There is something dangerously wrong with our system when a single narrow issue can bar a candidate from the presidency.

"But more than that, I know myself, and I know that I could not practice party politics. Running for president that way would have made me part of the problem, not part of the solution. There is not a Democratic way or a Republican way to fix welfare. There is only the right way—combining compassion, discipline, and a belief in intact families with a respect for the dignity of the individual. There is not a Republican way or a Democratic way to balance the budget. Only the right way and we all share in the sacrifice. Party politics might have helped me get elected, but it also would have prevented me from governing and leading our great nation.

"Dwight Eisenhower, one of my heroes, said, 'Politics ought to be the part-time profession of every citizen who would preserve what is good and fruitful in our national heritage. These words are my challenge to you here tonight and to the millions watching at home. Running for president as an independent is as arduous, in its own

way, as winning the Gulf war. We must get on the ballot in all fifty states, one position signature at a time. We must raise millions of dollars in small contributions to compete with the two major parties, which will be given 500 million each from the federal treasury.

"From my years in uniform, I know the value of teamwork. I cannot shoulder this great burden alone, even with the support of my wife, Alma, and my family. From now until November, will you make politics your part-time profession? Not partisan politics, but the politics of independence? Will you join with me in this last great crusade of the millennium? A crusade of the sensible center to win back the White House for the American people?"

IN THE TEMPERATE ABC anchor booth in the upper deck in right field, Peter Jennings is saying, "This thousand-dollar standing ovation goes on and on. Just when it seems to die out, it erupts again like a roaring forest fire. David Bradley has been covering politics for more than forty years. David, have you ever seen anything like this?"

"No, Peter. I covered both of Eisenhower's campaigns and I can't recall an outpouring of unabashed enthusiasm like this. Jack Kennedy came close in the closing days of the 1960 campaign, but that's about it."

"Jeff Greenfield?"

"This is like a political convention on speed. The only parallel I can think of was a hundred years ago, when William Jennings Bryan made his famous Cross of Gold speech. I think that was one convention David Bradley missed. But I have to say that I was a bit troubled by General Powell's arid insouciance of specificity. I doubt if anyone here knows exactly what he will."

"Sorry, Jeff, but Senator Bill Bradley, General Powell's vice-presidential running mate, is about to speak. Until just last week, Bradley was poised for an independent candidacy of his own, so this dramatic pairing with Powell adds height and Democratic heft to this ticket. Bradley, I must say, is more composed as a thinker and a speaker forward than as an orator. So General Powell will be a tough act for him to follow."

From
the horse's
mouth



A COMPLETELY UNSOLICITED endorsement appeared recently in *La Carta*, the definitive monthpage of food and wine.

It was penned by Raymond Gardner and it concerned "the superbly molten Macallan from Crugallachie in Banffshire, aged in sherry casks, a molten miracle and to my mind the most sophisticated of the commonly available Highland malts."

If that is what the penitents think, perhaps it is time to let your own monthpage pronounce on the subject.



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Eight months ago, I announced that I was retiring from the United States Senate after seventeen years in Washington, because I had grown tired of and frustrated with the empty posturing and political gamesmanship that pass for governing under our two-party system.

Since then, politics in our great nation—once the beacon for free people everywhere—has become even more shallow and cynical.

The Republican primaries set new records for both the amount of money spent and the viciousness and relevance of the thirty-second attack ads. Instead of an honest debate on the issues by the Republicans, we have been treated to a frightening, failed barrage of allegedly misleading, mean-spirited charges across our borders. Angry images of black hands grabbing jobs and promotions from white hands. Protectionist threats to deploy the U.S. Navy to bar Japanese cars from our shores. In this way you to choose the leader of the oldest democracy on our planet?

And what of my former party the Democrats? I supported Bill Clinton for president in 1992 because I hoped that he could inspire young Americans, much as John Kennedy did when I was in college. But that premise has been badly squandered. Even after I lost my illusions, I still tried to support President Clinton in the Senate, because as our elected leader, he needed all the help he could get.

But in recent months, President Clinton has crossed a line where I can follow him no longer. Every time there is a new poll, the president has a new political position. Is he for a balanced budget or against it? It depends on the day and the hour. Is he for responsibly reforming Medicare? Not when he has a speech scheduled before the AARP or other groups representing our seniors. Even on an issue of bedrock principle like affirmative action—the public recognition that prejudice and racial injustice endure in our society—the president tries to have it both ways.

I am proud to enroll with General Powell in this people's crusade to transcend party politics and tackle the great problems of this era of global economic and social change. We need

to reach out to middle-class men and women, who are the innocent victims of the current wave of corporate downsizing. We need to end the reign of money politics in Washington. And we must bring men and women of different races and cultures together and not allow the voices of hate and fear to drive us apart.

I mean say that breaking the political rut of a lifetime was perhaps the most difficult choice I have ever made in public life. But in making this decision, I feel I am returning to the core values that propelled me into public service after my initial career was over.

At a young age, while still in college, I was successful beyond my wildest dreams in a game called baseball. Maybe some of you remember the 1974 Princeton team that went to the NCAA final four. I was proud to represent this glorious city with the New York Knicks in the late 1960s and early 1970s, and I will never forget the joy of playing the game I loved with a team of players so much more talented than I ever was.

None of this, I want to stress, is what makes me qualified for high political office. But I learned something playing baseball that I have carried over with me to the Senate—and now to this epic campaign with General Powell. The cheers of the crowd can be a tonic to the spirit, they can help you see to heights you never imagined. But they are not the reason you do anything in life. The quest for excellence—the sense that you did your best without compromise, according to your own internal values—is what counts when the game or the campaign or your tenure in office is over.

Since I can say my last vote for president in 1994.

retire promises. "We will have to leave Senator Bradley now and return to our regular programming. A special twenty-minute edition of *Nightline* with Ted Koppel at 11:30 will debate the pros and cons of this unprecedented challenge to the two-party system and will include a live interview from the Cool Office with President Clinton. And tomorrow on *CBS Morning America*, Alanna Powell shares her favorite recipes with Charles Oelshagen. Goodnight from all of us at ABC News." ■

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Mike Lupica

The Fab One

NBA superstar or coach-killing crybaby? Or both? Chris Webber takes a time-out to explain.

YOU CAN SEE Chris Webber all the way across Cole Field House at the University of Maryland, through the red-and-white balloons forming a huge M on the basketball court, in the runway at the other end. You can see Webber in silhouette down there, an orange baseball cap turned backward on his head, his basketball shirt even bigger than when he played with the team known as the Fab Five at the University of Michigan. The basketball moves between his legs and behind his back smoothly, as if he were a Gilbert Gottfried, the routine looking both graceful and uncool.

It is September of 1995, and Webber is in limbo along with the rest of the NBA players, who have been locked out by the owners in a complicated and quite nasty labor dispute. Some of the players are fighting with one another within their unions. Others are fighting with the owners. No one knows when training camp will begin. Or when the season will begin. But Webber is happy today because he is back in college, with kids coming back to school and the Stoupe truck selling drinks in front of Cole. He is back in the setting—the time of his life, really—where he was happiest, even if there was a night in an NCAA championship game when he pulled the most infamous timeout in college basketball history.

"There are guys going to school here who're older than me," Webber says in the elevator on his way to the practice gym. "It's why I'm more comfortable in a place like this."

His name on the line: Chris Webber's goal this season is to restore his once-golden reputation.

than anywhere else. I still feel like I'm one of these guys."

In a few minutes, Webber will go upstairs at Cole, into a small, stuffy practice gym, and go through a basketball workout with an old friend from high school. But for now, he is alone in this runway, thinking he is unwatched, just loitering up—just playing. You start walking toward him. His head is shaved, and his ears are almost pointy enough to belong to Mr. Spock. The closer you get, the bigger Webber, who is six feet four. He also gets happier. Alone with a basketball, alone in this college-basketball arena, Webber looks young, as if Cole Field House were his personal playground.

He is twenty-two now, no longer the teenager who was the most fabulous freshman on the Fab Five, the big, smoking kid who went on to play in the NCAA final not only as a freshman but as a sophomore as well. In many ways, he still is that kid. He does not look anything like the NBA player who suddenly turned into a basketball pariah between his rookie season with the Golden State Warriors and what was supposed to be his sophomore season there. His name became synonymous with every red-headed young man in sports in the region, and he was ultimately blamed for costing Dan Nelson his job as the coach of the Warriors.

He comes out of the elevator, and as he walks toward the gym, he seems to leave the Maryland campus and be back at Michigan, where he, John Rose, Jovan Blawie, Jimmy King, and Ray Jackson were sure they were going to make basketball history after being the most famous recruiting class of all time.

"There's a part of me that felt like the man out when I left Michigan," Webber says. "There's a part of me that feels like I've already had a taste of heaven. We felt like the dorms we lived in was our penthouse. There was so much innocence to everything, so much happiness. To me, it was the essence of everything basketball should be, everywhere it should be. You feel like a million bucks in college."



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"I remember when we played our first game against Duke on CBS a bunch of eighteen-year-old kids on national television. We felt like we had arrived at the top of the world. Afterward, when we got home, my friends would say, 'You got to play against Christian Laettner. Man, you got to teach Christian Laettner.'"

Webber shoves down more, trying to stop the rush of memories.

"Sometimes I feel like I shouldn't have been as close to my teammates as I was," he says. He has a big head on the gym floor. "Maybe I was always seeing myself up to be disappointed in whatever came next. Men, we'd go on road trips, and me and Glen and Jimmy would ride Coach [Steve Fisher] if we could stay in the same room, even if one of us had to sleep on the floor. Just so we didn't have to stop hanging out when the day was over, when we'd already played the game."

Webber shakes his head. "I'll never get to go back there," he says.

The Fab Five made two runs at the college basketball championship. The second ended when Webber, in a moment of panic and confusion, called a time-out—one Michigan did not have—against North Carolina. Michigan was down two points at the time, but there was enough time for Webber and the rest to roll over, if they could just get a bucket. He called time-out, and North Carolina ended up winning the game by six points. And Webber, at twenty, was certain that the worst thing that could ever happen to him in basketball had already occurred.

"We had our hands on the trophy, but we had hangers," Webber says sadly. "And I was the hanger."

Webber says he could not go to class for three days after he returned from New Orleans, where the final had been played. He says it was the loss of his identity that pulled him through his depression by making a joke of his own doom, while world-watching moments of panic. There is always a big Sunday dinner at his grandmother's house, and on one of the first Sundays after Michigan lost to North Carolina, it was time for grace, and Webber's mother laughed and formed a Y with her hands and yelled, "Okay, time-out." Webber says the whole family used the word over and over again that day until it became less painful, something to make them all laugh. "My family's never let me feel too

sorry [for myself]," he says. Webber has even formed a foundation for children called Time Out.

Several months after that NCAA championship, Webber became the number-one pick in the NBA lottery. The Orlando Magic drafted him, with the misnomer of trading him to the Warriors, which they did the night of the draft for Andrew Haskew and three future draft choices. Soon, Chris Webber would sign a fifteen-year contract worth a reported \$5 million. He had no idea that his troubles were just beginning.

That was the time-out," Webber says. "I feel like my whole life turned into boot camp."

IN ONE YEAR, Chris Webber went from the number-one pick in the NBA and the young star who would lead Don Nelson's Warriors to an NBA side to a place in the starting lineup of the dog-on-Washington Bulls. The circumstances that brought on this shocking reversal of basketball fortune—for Webber, Nelson, and the Warriors—are full of changes and counterchanges, and most of it would make your hair curl.

There was fighting between Nelson and some of his young players, most notably Webber. There were injuries at Webber's rookie season to two of his All-Star teammates, Chris Mullin and Tim Hardegen. There was also on-again, off-again, between Warriors point guard Detlef Schrempf and the incoming Chris Collins. Fans were worried to keep Webber and according to people around the Warriors at the time, told him not to worry. The Nelson would probably be gone in a year because of contract problems of his own. Collins then came in and said that he would stand by his coach. It was all trouble and complication, uncertainty as to if the team had gone from the Golden State Warriors to the Milwaukee Bucks Warriors.

And while all of this was going on, there were even bigger problems with Webber's contract. But, he had signed that fifteen-year, \$5 million deal, but Webber also had what is known as a one-year out in his original contract, meaning he could become a restricted free agent after his rookie season. But that was only supposed to be a scare, a formality.

The understanding was that Webber would come back after a year and sign a new contract with the Warriors

But Chris Webber, twenty-one years old by now, did not sign a new contract with the Warriors between his first and second seasons. Webber became a restricted free agent and did not report to training camp. He says it was not about money, because people in sports always say it's not about money. He was just concerned a contractual right to be a free agent after one season.

Everybody then began talking about this kid who wasn't happy with his coach and wasn't happy with a contract that would pay him \$5 million as long as he kept breathing and didn't want to play anymore. Before long, he was traded to the Bulls, and the Warriors' season fell apart. In a surreal fashion, Webber then missed more than a month when he dislocated his left shoulder in the one game the Bulls played against the Warriors in Oakland last season. "What are the odds of that?" Webber asks.

So two years after his last college game, a more than four years after he graduated from Detroit Country Day, a predominantly white, upper-middle-class prep school, Webber had already developed an NBA reputation almost as bad as that of another former Detroit star, Dennis Rodman. There would be a Sports Illustrated cover story last season with Coleman depicted as a crybaby. And once you get inside the magazine, Chris Webber's picture—and his story—was right there with Coleman's. "It had become one of those guys," Webber says. "When Coach Nelson called up in the hospital [suffering from pneumonia and exhaustion] right before he resigned, I knew I was going to get blamed for that, too."

Webber wasn't the only reason Nelson ended up losing his job, but he was didn't do very much to help him keep it, either.

"I was a wide-eyed twenty-year-old," he says, sounding as though he's been prepped by his own Dream Team. "I like to think that things would have been different if I'd been twenty-five instead of twenty." Webber says. "I really think that if I played for Coach Nelson again, we wouldn't have no problems."

"I believe Coach Nelson is the best coach I've ever played for," Webber says now. "I believe he made me a better player and would have made me an even better player. But I never heard

anybody talk to people the way he talked to some of our players. He'd say to the team, 'Chris is missing all this money, but he just won't listen.'"

Webber's worst trait off.

"One time, I talked Coach Nelson if I could talk to him," he continues. "I said, 'Coach, I know you're trying to push my buttons a certain way, motivate me this way and that, but it's not the right way. But here's some things I think will work.'"

And he told Nelson about how Coach Fisher had worked with him. And can't you just imagine Don Nelson, sitting there after a thirty-year basketball career, with his eight hundred career victories and all the titles he won as a Celtic, struggling to write down everything his rich rookie said to say about which coaching methods worked with him and which ones did not? Except for one thing Nelson, for his part, says such a meeting never occurred.

Webber and Nelson defied again. During the next summer, Nelson ran a fantasy camp on the Bay Area. He had invited Webber to make an appearance. Webber flew in from Detroit and spoke to the campers. He says that Nelson never said a word to him that day.

Again, Nelson and people who were there remember that the two of them posed for pictures for an hour. Sometimes, when mentioning Chris Webber's version of things, you sort of feel the need to call it a time-out of your own.

"Listen," says Don Nelson. "I think it's time to put this to rest. Chris and I both went through a very hard time because of this. We were both hurt. I think maturity had a lot to do with it, but I made errors, too. But all of a sudden, one year was supposed to cancel out all my other years."

"The bottom line is, this should be a lesson for all of us in sports. Not just the kids getting this money and power, but those of us giving it to them. Maybe we should know better by now, but sometimes we don't."

In the end, people will choose up sides about whose fault the Warriors' Webber divorce was. But this much is clear: The Warriors wound up a terrible team, Webber earned a reputation as a coach-baiting spoiled brat, and Don Nelson, who has since become the coach of the Knicks, was called a barred out tyrant. In other words, everybody lost.

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THE SPORTING LIFE

CHRIS WEBBER does not know when his second season with the Bulls will begin. But he knows it will be a very important season for him when it does. "My back's against the wall," he says. "I feel like I've always done well when my back's against the wall. My mother keeps telling me that there's got to be good times ahead to make up for the bad times I've had lately."

He has finished his workout by now. And it was something to see. Because even in less-than-ideal surroundings, Webber's talent and grace filled the gym. You watched long enough and could imagine a smaller version of him, the skinny kid making into CEO guys like St. Clair's to play ball, alone with his dad and the ball and his dreams. The only sounds in the gym were the bounce of the ball, the squeak of Webber's sneakers, and occasionally a word of praise from his friend Kevin. Webber smiled as he played and then sat down, dripping sweat, and began to talk about the future. How he knows he is a good player and plans to get his good name back this season, whenever the season begins.

But then Chris Webber makes a quick move, as quick as one of his back to the bulls moves on the court, and is talking about the fifth free-throw Webber—who, if he had stayed for his final two years, should have graduated from college a few months earlier—imagines himself back in Michigan, trying to explain what it was really like there. What it was like to be a freshman and, against, before all the money, and still feel as if you had it all. In the small college gym, upstairs in the college field house, he talks about being recruited on the Bulls with his FBI Free teammate Jovan Howard and how he wants to win an NBA championship with Howard, because he owes him one for the role he took dropped through his hands against North Carolina. Then he talks about the excitement he felt the first time he and Howard played together again.

"It was just like old times," he says. The words suddenly become louder in the gym. "He was yelling at me. I was yelling at him. He was digging me. If I made a mistake, I was doing the same thing to him. It felt so good."

Just like college. But that is in the past for him. Even if it is the most past. Now it is time for Chris Webber to let go. It is time for him to grow up. ■

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Your PC Versus the IRS

We compared the new generation of tax software head-to-head: Here's what we found.



ARE YOU READY to do your taxes? Sorry to ask—I know it's not even Thanksgiving yet. But the job of filling out tax returns has gotten so complex and time-consuming that it's simply too risky to leave it until that dreaded rainy weekend in March. Personal-computer software can help, and this column will encourage you to make use of the best of what's currently available.

Keeping accurate records of your income and expenditures is one of adulthood's unenviable tasks. Federal tax law requires it, but it also makes good common sense. If you don't know where your money goes—and for what—there is no way to know whether you're paying too much in taxes. It was never enough simply to let your bills and canceled checks pile up in a shoe box, then hand the mess to your accountant. But until the recent explosion in IRS forms and regulations, any reasonably well-organized filing system could do the trick. No longer. Despite such belatedly re-

vised Tax Reduction and Simplification Act of 1997 and the Paperwork Reduction Act of 1996, the IRS is truly coming to sound not for Internal Revenue Service but for Impossible Record-keeping Syndrome.

The taxpayer's only ally in this uneven fight is the personal computer. Without the ability to store one's record keeping to remove and merge data electronically, taxpayers have little hope of complying with federal law as it now stands. To see just what sort of software help taxpayers can count on in 1998, I arranged for an exclusive preview of America's two leading personal-computer tax software packages—Intuit's TurboTax and Stock Personal Corporation's TaxCut. Between them, the two share nearly 90 percent of the market. The idea was to review the new packages they'll be shipping to computer stores, starting just about now, for the 1999 tax year.

The bottom-line judgment turned out to be easy. Meets Software—TaxCut's former owner—may have invented personal-computer financial software more than a decade ago, but for ease of use and sophisticated tax advice, the 1999 tax year edition of TurboTax will prove to be the better product.

Both packages have "interview" formats—the programs ask you questions about the money you earned and spent in the last year—but that's about as far as the similarities go. The interview questions in TurboTax are better organized and clearer than TaxCut's, which won't be much changed from last year. TurboTax's graphics are better, too. It's also easier to move around inside the TurboTax program without deleting data—a common annoyance in TaxCut in the past.

TurboTax is built around a well-designed and eye-pleasing array of seven on-screen file tabs: instructions of manual folders. Click on the tab marked "Interview" and the program patiently leads you, by way of a series of logically organized questions, through the IRS's forest of forms and schedules. In this interview process, you never have to enter any data into an IRS form. Instead, you are questioned by the program as if you were meeting with your accountant. The answers to the questions you are asked ("Are you preparing this return just for yourself or for yourself and your spouse?" "How old are you?" "How many children do you have?" "What are their ages?") form the database that the computer uses not simply to fill out the forms and schedules but to decide which further questions to ask you.

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MONEY TALKS

example, one question asks, "Did you or your spouse operate a business or profession as a sole proprietor? In other words, are you self-employed?" If you answer no, the program just proceeds to the next stage of the interview. But if you answer yes, it weaves off into a series of questions designed to extract all the necessary information to fill out 1031 Schedule C, Profit or Loss from Business.

A follow-up question asks, "Did you or your spouse maintain an inventory for this business?" If you don't know what inventory means, just put your cursor on the word and double-click your mouse button. Up pops an easy-to-understand definition.

Your answers are used to fill out not just this year's tax return but subsequent years' returns as well. The resulting time savings can be extraordinary, particularly when dealing with such notoriously confusing subjects as the deduction of continuing depreciation for business equipment bought in prior years. TaxCut honestly recognizes the depreciation process at all, but TurboTax handles the entire matter from beginning to end, year after year, providing a level of taxaccounting sophistication that not so long ago would have cost thousands of dollars a year to acquire.

TurboTax also beats TaxCut in quality of advice. By clicking on the mouse-folder tab labeled "Review," you open up a screen that reviews your entire return, not just for errors or omissions—which TaxCut also does—but for deductions you might have overlooked, which TaxCut does not do. Among the TurboTax tips: Don't overlook nondeductible IRA contributions, even if you've already contributed to a separate retirement plan; look for radically reduced home improvement, and look for "carry forwards" from previous years.

But the biggest attraction of Turbo Tax is the company that owns it. Intuit, makers of Quicken, the world's most widely used personal-finance software program. In the end, a tax software program is little more than the "back end" of a personal financial package for managing financial affairs throughout the year.

The granddaddy of these programs is Money, Your Money which once dominated the market with a DOS-based product that balanced one's

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checkbook, kept track of investments, and even paid bills electronically. TaxCut was originally a computer program that could be updated and resold to Managing Your Money users each new tax season. The users would simply transfer their year-end Managing Your Money data into TaxCut and be that much farther ahead in filing out various IRS forms and schedules.

But Meca, which owns Managing Your Money, was caught flat-footed by the widespread shift to Windows-based software and was three years late in coming out, in 1994, with a Windows version of Managing Your Money. TaxCut had, for while Meca dithered, been competing Windows-based Quicken into the market.

In 1995, Meca's entire operation was bought by Helt Block, the real-estate-preparation people. But by then, Managing Your Money's decline was irreversible, and the Block folks sold it—while continuing to hang on to TaxCut. To breathe new life into TaxCut, Block announced plans this summer to re-market it for 1996 under the Kiplinger logo. But the deal does nothing to overcome what now looks to be TaxCut's fatal weakness: Its lack of front-end financial software from which users can easily import year-end tax data.

Meanwhile, Smart has just introduced an upgrade of Quicken 5.0 for Windows that will allow users to categorize home-office-related spending throughout the year, then export it directly into Form 8829 of TurboTax. Not having to reenter the data even in TurboTax's interview process will automatically speed up the data-gathering process that much more. In fact, it now seems only a matter of time—and a short time at that—before Smart comes out with a shrink-wrapped bundle of software programs that will do everything from replace the family checkbook to send out reminders to track expenditures to manage the tedious record-keeping exercises required by the IRS.

For at least a while longer, many taxpayers will still want to sit at a computer to fill out or at least check their returns, but the day is not far off when a full-service home-finance software package could render the family accountant as much an underground species as, say, the neighborhood bank teller. ■



The Friday Scotch



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Thinkalong with NEWT

He wants you to believe he's a twenty-first-century Teddy Roosevelt. But what exactly is in that big head?

WHEN National Press Club president Massimo Ruccini introduced Newt Gingrich to the group at a lunch in Washington this past summer, he made a few knowing, deeply witty references to the speaker's more audaciously rhetorical modes that call for a drug bust at the White House, those frequently repeated claims that socialism permeates the op-ed pages of American newspapers. The political journalists who made up the audience—the very flower of the “liberal media elite” whom Gingrich so enjoys excoriating—laughed nobly at these suave innuendos.

After all, seen in a certain light—seen with the right ironic detachment, that is—Gingrich's legendarily vicious political style can be amusing. His patented attack vocabulary—“word,” “lecture,” “kick,” “pathetic,” “corrupt,” “betray,” “permeative,” “McGovernite”—has a certain pulp-reinforcement value. And so, under the right conditions, does the Gipper himself. It would be interesting, the journalists thought, sitting back in their gilded smoke-belching chairs, to hear what outrageous new accusations their honored guest would level against them now.

By John Taylor



But instead of making his hour, Gingrich, when he took the podium, began to talk rather passionately about "core values," about freedom and achievement and responsibility. As he spoke—genuinely infrequently—his sense of conviction intensified to the point of fervor, and there were those in the audience who, to their own surprise, found themselves generally stirred.

Renald Reagan crines used to regard the former president a mule to talk without a script as a metaphor for the intellectual bankruptcy of the Republican agenda. The idea, they constantly imagined, were in vogue as the man who championed them. And Reagan's rehearsed apoplexy had dulled political debate. Politicians no longer thought; they merely recited message-of-the-day sound bites conceived by their Madisonian handlers.

But Gingrich, leader of the second Reagan revolution, is not merely an efficient, natural speaker. He has a kind of improvisational genius, an ability to produce polemical fugues that mix fragments from popular culture with the sounding he has done—all of it presented with an air of unassailable authority in a seemingly scholarly framework.

As Gingrich's monomania developed, he made references to subjects as diverse as the movie *Amadeus* and Peter Green's historical treatise *Alexander in Action*. He discussed the crumbling collapse of the American dream, the killing of the spirit of volunteerism by the culture of bureaucracy. He returned again and again to the idea that to renew American civilization, the country had to rediscover its core values.

"If you read Dracula's work," Gingrich said, working up to his provocation, "particularly *The Efficient Executive* or *Draining's work*, if you study the life of Alfred Sloan at General Motors or George Marshall in the U. S. Army, if you read Chekov's work *The Imply of American Campaigns* or go back to the books and read the Declaration of Independence or the Federalist Papers, if you read de Tocqueville's work, you look at Gordon Wood's two books on the intellectual origins of the American revolution, if you read the study of Washington or Howard Fast's novel *The Unhappiest of Nations* to me, again and again, when you immerse yourself in American history, there are patterns, and there are values that keep flowing, and that they are very powerful at liberating individuals and creating opportunity."

Twisting, doubling, slightly dizzying, the words hang yet systematically coalesce, this quasi-intellectually Gingrichian sentence linked management theories, a board chairman, a military hero, academic studies, historical documents, and a novel into a single sweeping concept. There was, so it has to be, meaning about this wildness, something actually essential about this Speaker's performance. And it was not simply the art of his creation. He can convey more than any other politician in America today the sense that he grips the historical moment he occupies. I was not surprised when, after listening to him talk, one of New England's most successful or dealers—a silver-haired man in a navy blazer and yellow tie—grabbed my arm at a cocktail party and declared emphatically, "Newt is different from all the other politicians in the field—he has ideas."

But does he? Is he a true thinker, one whose academic challenge to liberal elites troubles his critics? Or is his mind merely merely kaleidoscopic—a jumble of colored glass that seems to form a beautiful pattern but collapses when you adjust the focus?

IDEAS ARE THE central component in the Gingrich mystique, the putative source of his charismatic appeal. These ideas of Gingrich's do not concern vague Continental themes like socialism and deconstruction, which Gingrich finds unwholesome, indeed un-American. "Don't tell me theory," he barked during his twenty-hour Renald Reagan College lecture course, *Renewing American Civilization*. "Don't tell me abstract intellectualism."

And Gingrich's ideas need to be distinguished from his opinions. Gingrich has a morbid fear of being caught without an opinion no matter what the subject. This sense of mindlessness is common to politicians, and most of them have learned to cover themselves by saying something that means nothing. Gingrich is consistently inescapable of the bland remark. His compulsive, logicless commentary on the passing scene forms the political equivalent to the "wall of sound" technique developed in the music by the record producer Phil Spector.

Which is why we have learned from Newt that drug smugglers should be executed as groups of "twenty-seven or thirty or thirty-five," that responsibility for Susan Smith's murder lies in her love story, belongs to the Democratic party, that women soldiers fighting in Iraqs will succumb to "infections." Often, he doesn't take what he says seriously and assumes that you won't, either. Last July, when he forced Henry Kissinger to rebuke him publicly for suggesting that the United States recognize Taiwan, he sounded surprised that anyone thought he had meant it. "I was just trying to get attention," he said. "It was a mistake."

Gingrich's ideas, as opposed to his opinions, deal not with geology or diplomacy but with American domestic crisis. These ideas are not limited solely to technical policy advice—medical IRAs, school vouchers, tenant ownership of public housing, the whole grid of welfare-state fixes. Bill Clinton is not his friend or his enemy. No, one thing Gingrich's followers mean when they talk about the Speaker's ideas, and what Gingrich wants to imply when he drops names like Peter Green and Gordon Wood, is that he grasps what he refers to as "the big picture."

Gingrich bases his big historical picture on "American exceptionalism," a term coined by de Tocqueville, who argued that, unlike other countries, where national identity is the product of geography, ethnicity and cultural tradition, the United States is founded on ideas. The political writer Michael Lind tries, rather weakly, in his new book *The Next American Nation*, to discredit this proposition, arguing that America, too, is the product of culture and tradition. Of course it is. But the last remains as well that the United States is exceptional. As G. K. Chesterton said, "America is the only nation in the world that is founded on a creed."

What that means, and it is a genuinely impractical thought, is that anyone can become an American. You need only move here and embrace the creed by swearing allegiance to the Constitution. This is true of no other country. You can immigrate to France or Japan or India, but no matter how long you live there, you can never truly become French or Japanese or Indian in the way that someone from any one of those countries can become American.

To Gingrich, the primary principle enshrined in the Constitution is equality of opportunity. It is not equality of

GINGRICH HAS a kind of improvisational genius, an ability to produce polemical fugues that mix fragments from popular culture with the reading he has done—all of it presented with an air of unassailable authority in a seemingly scholarly framework.

rich. Equality of opportunity is designed to facilitate personal strength, which in Gingrich's view is "the key pillar of American civilization." So he favors a meritocratic society but opposes multiculturalism. He dislikes, for example, the term "Native American," since it suggests that American Indians are somehow the real Americans, even though they, too, immigrated here, about seven eleven thousand years ago. Similarly, he believes all public schools should teach English as the primary language, since it helps form common cultural bonds and enables immigrants to join the mainstream more easily.

All of this is emotionally resonant and intellectually legitimate—part of the monological agenda to delineate a common civic culture. But then Gingrich offers up a history of American values as a scheme to hysterically partition, so transparently dishonest, so willfully stupid, that it is impossible to believe even Newt himself could expect anyone to take it seriously. Gingrich's historical scheme, like that of Arthur Schlesinger, is structured. For Schlesinger, the structure is a cycle, which alternates between quasi-generational periods of conservatism, touched off by collective crisis, and periods of individualism, touched off by opportunity. Gingrich has what could be called the quick theory of history.

From 1950 to 1965, as Gingrich explains in his book *To Renew America* and in his lecture course, American history was driven by expanding opportunities. Beginning in 1965, the year Lyndon Johnson initiated affirmative action and founded the National Endowment for the Arts and the National Endowment for the Humanities, it experienced what Gingrich calls a "discontinuity"—the point—in which government pursued equality of result rather than equality of opportunity, with the unintended consequence of eroding personal strength. But then, in 1980, with the Reagan revolution and the end of welfare, the cycle of opportunity was ended. And there you have Gingrich's big picture: 195 years of progress, 30 years of backsliding, and now progress again.

As Gingrich the historian knows for ought to, the debate over "which creed" social policies has been going on for almost two centuries. Well, which for Gingrich functions as a metaphor for the whole array of bureaucratically induced discontinuities to individual responsibility, started in 1965, when Congress passed Aid to Families with Dependent Children. But local variations persisted, by more than a hundred years. As far back as 1761, Philadelphia provided support to women with illegitimate children, prompting some Gingrichians



protestors to declare that the program was "an encouragement to vice and offers a premium for prostitution."

ASK CONTEMPORARY Buttery Gingrich about Gingrich's ideas and he will tell you that Newt's got everyone flummoxed. Newt doesn't have any idea, Gingrich will say. He has, at best, ideas about having ideas. But Gingrich also has ideas if anything, he has too many ideas. He generates ideas spontaneously; they whiz in glibbling floods about his brain—and he often has his own doubts about whether to take them seriously or

burden away like so many small insects. "I'll give you a nutty idea," he told the House Ways and Means Committee before suggesting that inner-city children receive tax credits to buy laptop computers. And a few weeks later, in his lecture course, he said, "Maybe I'm a little bit nutty in my opinion."

Some of Newt's ideas, however, are extremely outrageous. In *To Renew America*, for example, he asks why doctors should have a monopoly on practicing medicine and lawyers on the law. He suggests that, with computers, people will soon be able to diagnose themselves and conduct their own health screenings; the monopolies hold that the legal and medical professions have unethical goals, based on the public.

But even Newt's interesting ideas have a certain disarray. They're his ideas that someone, things that have occurred in Newt, as opposed to things he has seriously contemplated. He has the enthusiasm of the amateur, the hobbyist. "Why not build a real Jurassic Park?" he asks in *To Renew America*.

Like many senators, he becomes so excited by his discoveries that he fails to realize how familiar they are to others. "You realize that ten thousand dollars is not, audiotapes don't cost a whole lot, videotapes don't cost a whole lot, you get paid to be in lecture class," and now we take those as sort of the bare building blocks of civilization.

Such a floundering assertion of the familiar is a hallmark of Gingrich's favorite writer, Albert Toller. Gingrich cites Toller's concept of the Third Wave increasingly, but what he always mucks me about Toller's historical scheme—that agricultural civilization, the First Wave, was replaced by a rationalizing civilization, the Second Wave, that is now yielding to a computerized information age, or Third Wave—is how seemingly obvious it is. And when Toller is not being merely obvious, he can become unbelievably naive. In the Third Wave, Toller speculates that in the future, when people work at home in "electronic outposts," they

HE INVOKES movies and Horatio Alger and even *The Girl Scout Handbook* in terms so homiletic and puerile that it seems as if he's baiting his critics, trying to provoke them into outbursts of the cynicism that he professes to find so disgusting. He courts scorn; it validates him.

will want "love play" from a spouse, as in love play means. He writes, "We say—who knows?—hear some John Denver of the future croon lyrics like: 'Close your eyes, your cherry lips, / the love that always lingers, / your way with words and tender blues, / your skilled conjugal fingers.'"

Revelations about love plus in electronic cyberspace amount to what could be called virtual ideas, the product of virtual thinking. Gingrich—the futurist, the technophile—actually embraces the concept of virtual thinking. To a sense, virtuality at the mental level is something I think you'd find in most leadership over historical periods." he told a Washington audience last February in a talk he titled "From Virtuality to Reality."

What Gagnich seemed to mean by "virtuality at the mental level" is the ability to recognize trends and, even more important, changes in trends. But what virtuality in fact means is the computer-generated simulation of reality. The Windows 95 operating system offers a virtual disk with drawers, files, and envelopes. Aircell designers test virtual facelings in virtual wind tunnels rather than actually building them. Virtual thinking, it would follow, may contain what look and sound like ideas but are actually just two-dimensional simulations of the real thing.

CLEARLY INSANE." With that blunt assessment, Mark Twain summed up his feelings about Theodore Roosevelt. The words could, of course, just as easily describe the view that many of Gingrich's liberal critics have of him. And so could other contemporary descriptions of Roosevelt: "Unreliable, a flake, and a humberg," one congressman complained. Henry James considered him "a dangerous and cautious jay," as Woodrow Wilson, he was "the most dangerous man of the age."

Gingrich likes to maintain that his critics are similarly deluded, that the Roosevelt's denunciations, they are proponents of their sclerotic political habits. Gingrich encourages comparisons between himself and Teddy Roosevelt. He cites Roosevelt frequently—he invoked the great president and “the bully pulpit” during the talk at the National Press Club—and he likes to point out that, until he and his fellow Republicans took control of the House, the nation had not seen an active conservative in power since T. R.

The parallels between the two races are striking:



They share a fascination with the future, with technology even with dead animals (Gauguin wanted to be a paleontologist when he was a boy; Roosevelt, the budding zoologist, stuffed his own animals). Both displayed astounding political skills and acquired their power as the century turned, at times of radical economic upheaval and its attendant anxiety. Both countered this turmoil with a combination of optimism and pessimism as intense, so hard, so adamantine, that their opponents considered them deranged. Roosevelt regards almost Gauguinism when, in his essay

"The Strenuous Life," he refers to "the good
day man, the man who devotes his country, the
good man, who has lost the great fighting, mastered
the ignorant man, and the man of dull mind."

But what is most revealing are the differences such superficial similarities disguise. Roosevelt, a true historian though not an academic, was the author of thirty-two books, *The Naval War of 1812* which he wrote when he was twenty-five, is still considered definitive. Gough published nothing while at West Georgia College. His books *Windows of Opportunity* and *To Rome, America* were ghostwritten

But the great difference between Rosewell and Genghis is philosophical: Genghis is essentially a proponent of social Darwinism, which initially took hold in the late nineteenth century—a time, much as today is, of massive immigration, racial tension, technological change, and the absence of compelling ideological differences in politics. Like Genghis, the Victorian social Darwinists worshipped entrepreneurship; they actually *celebrated* the unfairness of life. "Let it be understood that we cannot go outside of this *darwinism*," wrote William Graham Sumner, one of the most prominent among them. "Liberty, inequality, survival of the fittest, no liberty, equality, survival of the unfittest. The former carries society forward and elevates all its best members; the latter carries society downward and leaves all its worst members."

Though Roosevelt advocated the strenuous life, he rejected social Darwinism. And, by the time he became president, so, too, had the American middle class, which, as Richard Hofstadter has written, "shrank from the hideous image of rampant competitive brutality and repudiated the once heroic entrepreneur as a despoiler of the nation's wealth and morals and a monopolist of its opportunities."

Roosevelt believed it was the role of government to try to reduce the uniformity of life that social Darwinists found so enthralling. As president, he dissolved holding corporations while businessmen like J. P. Morgan accused him of weakening the institutions of private property. He

regulated the railroads, started the Department of Commerce and Labor, and signed the Employers' Liability Act, which held owners responsible for disabilities their workers incurred on the job. He quadrupled the size of the national forest and established conservation as federal policy. He signed the Pure Food Bill and required the inspection of meatpoultry and macaroni factories.

As this suggests, though Gingrich clearly intends to be trying to undo the damage caused by the "infamous discovery" of the last thirty years, he is really laying siege to the great Roosevelt legacy. Turning things without an official veto over to private developers, gutting the enforcement powers of the Environmental Protection Agency and the Food and Drug Administration, dismantling the Commerce Department, avoiding campaign finance reform, reducing the obligation of companies to protect workers, and repealing the capital gains tax—all of which have been proposed by the Great Republicans—would have been applauded not by Teddy Roosevelt but by the plutocrats he used to regulate. Indeed, in his personal agenda, Gingrich only resembles not Roosevelt but Roosevelt's longtime enemy Thomas Hart, the New York Republican boss and proponent of unregulated capitalism who, prefiguring Gingrich's attitude on his enemies as socialists, once accused Roosevelt of communism: "abominable" idea.

IN ONE OF THE MORE unsettling moments in his lecture series last winter, Gorench paused to thank the journalists who had discovered that Martin Trepow, a soldier whose inspirational diary entry Reagan read during his first inaugural address, was not, as Reagan had declared, buried in Arlington National Cemetery. "Some in the press found one fact about this man important than the others, the patriotism, the courage, or the sacrifice," Gorench said.

Although Reagan knew Martin Sheen was not burned in Arlington, Gingrich went on, that was all right: "He consciously wanted to build the emotional bond," he said. In other words, it's not the dangerous mythologizing that's cynical. What's cynical, in Gingrich's view, is the exposure of the deception.

It seems that Ginsbach, despite his PhD in history, despite his supposed love affair with ideas, is drawn not to historical truth or intellectual clarity but to mythology, in particular the mythology of utopianism. He has professed his love for Horatio Alger, that great apostle of Victorian social Darwinism. He frequently recounts stories of Norman Brearley, who started the Seale and Ale chain and invented the salad bar, and of Ray Kroc, the milk-shake-machine salesmen who co-opted the McDonald brothers of San Bernardino, California, to let him franchise their hamburger shops.

Movies are another source of emotional truth for Giger. In his lecture series, he referred to, among other movies, *The Last Hurrah*, *Witness*, *The Wind and the Lion*, *Gloria*, *Corydon*, *The Magnificent Seven*, *Seppuku*, *Yok*, *Juneteenth*, *Park*, *Link*, *Whom*, *Jessie's Journey* ("a great idea"), and *The Love of the Milician* ("one of my favorite movies"). In *10 Roman America* he actually encourages the reader to contrast *The Right Shift* with *Swi Min* to see how "we have allowed imperialism to dominate too many of our scientific adventures."

Gingrich invokes his movie moments—and Alger's

books and even *The Girl Scout Handbook*—in terms so homelike and parental that it seems as if he's actually baring his entrails, trying to provide them with reassurance of the cynicism that he professes to find so disgusting. He courts scorn; it soothes him.

Indeed, Gingrich has learned not just to endure rejection but to thrive on it. Separated from his biological father, he was also, when he was only a few days old, almost lost forever to his mother because of a mix-up on the maternity ward. His adoptive father, Bob Gingrich, who joined the Army after army problems forced him to drop out of medical school, was a harsh, unyielding man. Praised in his own ambitions (he had retired from the Army at age twenty-nine to become a security guard and toll collector), he seemed to harbor a particular resentment toward his precocious adopted son.

Moving to his new home in Los Angeles to make new friends every few years, Grange grew up as the perennial outsider. Like the new kid on the playground, he has the gregarious desire to respond as well as the chronic resentment of the perennially excluded. His act of personal strength evolved as a survival strategy. He learned to distance the support that wasn't offered to him. One of his favorite books, Peter Drucker's *The Effective Executive*, can be seen as a sort of self-help manual for the middle manager, while another, Marvin Chabsky's *The Speeches of American Presidents*, is a dark look. Dwindling faith of the disastrous consequences that occur when governments tries to help people. "The New Hampshire state slogan is 'Live free or die,'" he has said. "It's not 'Live free or complain' or 'Live free or whine.'"

The accolade "entrepreneur of the twentieth century" went, by a large, considerable margin, to Gorcharg, however, believes himself to be an opportunist. It is central to his sense of himself, he likes to think he has the entrepreneur's faith in the future. But his optimism has always seemed more willful than natural. It has an escapist quality. "Anytime I run into somebody and I say, 'How are you doing?' and they start by telling me how they feel, I worry," Gorcharg said during his lecture course. "If they tell me, 'Wow, I've got this great project,' if they're focused outward—instead of narcissistic loops outward, they don't focus inward."

And that, in the end, is the paradox that defines Ginzburg's intellectual personality. He is the thinker who does not focus inward, a man of ideas who is suspicious of reflection. This accounts for his uncommitted and unconsolidated quality, for his inability to distinguish good ideas from bad, or at least the well-formed from the half-baked. Ginzburg could, in fact, be seen as the embodiment of what Alvin Toffler has chosen to call "slip culture."

Instead of receiving long related "strings" of ideas, organized or systemized for us, we are increasingly exposed to short modular blocks of information—ads, commercials, stories, snippets of news, truncated bits and blobs that refuse to fit neatly into our preexisting mental files.¹⁰ To offer writers in *The Third Wave* "Second Wave people, yearning for the ready-to-wear moral and ideological certainties of the past, are annoyed and disoriented by the information blitz."¹¹ Third Wave people, by contrast, are more at ease in the midst of this bombardment of blips.¹² Rather than trying to sort the new modular data into the standard Second Wave categories or frameworks, they learn to make their own, to filter their own "strings" out of the blipped material about as they do the new media.¹³ ■

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On the eve of 007's return in *GoldenEye*, let's admit this: There's no man alive who has never wished he were the suave, violent bastard who saved Western civ.

Of Human Bondage

BY RICHARD RAYNER

IT WAS 1963, AND I WAS SEVEN YEARS OLD, when I first dreamed of being James Bond. My parents had separated, and I was living with my father in a seaside resort of faded Edwardian splendor. Together we went to a double bill of *Dr. No* and *FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE* at the local Gaumont, an art-deco movie palace from the 1930s. Ursula Andress burst from the surf in a white bikini with thighs that went up and up and up, and Robert Shaw, a SPECTRE assassin posing as a fellow Brit, bayed, "old man, old man" and gave himself away in the restaurant car of the Orient Express by ordering red wine with fish. Tut-tut. Such mistakes in life can be fatal, as Bond soon demonstrated. This was also the time of Beatlemania. At the same theater, I hid under the seats between shows and watched *A Hard Day's Night* four times in one day. Somehow, it didn't seem remotely possible to be John Lennon. He was so funny and fresh, a one-man revolution plus great voice and songs. I didn't quite twig then that he'd nicked half of

Thunderbolt
Peter Dinklage at
and to reflect
Bond's somewhat
retired machoism.



it from Elvis, whereas, even April seven, I knew Bond was all that I'd been brought up to revere and emulate, an upper-class soft, but better-looking and much hotter.

He was a husband, that's to say, but not a shit, and therefore an admirable role model, and so I myself became a suave and ruthless little secret-agent man, dodging in and out of the lobes of the crumbling white-framed hotels, where I fantasized about running into Ursula Andress, who I'd decided would marry much do. To my mother, meanwhile, I was barely an invisible ink, which personally tickled my dad to no end. At any rate, he shifted out each not only for repeat viewings of the movie but for a toy Walker PPK gun, a Bond briefcase with a dagger that popped out the side, and a Corgi toy replica of the Aston Martin DB5—with the bulletproof shield at the back, the ejector seat in the middle, and the machine guns in the front—that Bond drove in Goldfinger when Shirley Temple came along with the quail-and-sash horses I played until the movie's gross was out.

When Sean Connery left, the decadence set in; 007 was played by a model and then by Roger Moore, an old duffer even back in '73.

The book I noted everywhere was my father's acquisition of Moby Dick purchased on an impulse in New York while he was in the merchant marine. Melville was way too deep, but the boards of that Modern Library edition were wide enough to conceal a paperback Ian Fleming. Michael and Abah provided cover for Le Chiffre, Gert Hugo von der Drahten, and Tracy, the Connors courtesan Teresa de Vittorio. Bond's only true love, due to death on this wedding day by superlens film Silvio Bilecki!

I didn't know then that Fleming's paucity opportunities, a mean, and a snide-wit closely mirrored his vulgar whimsy from the suave Bond. I was astounded by the fact that he was a quiet appalling writer, all too capable of following the sentence "Bond grinned dubiously" with one that went "Bond pined indignantly." Even adverb errors seemed the height of daring and sophistication, and when in *From Russia with Love* I read "Her legs shifted languidly" she was wearing nothing but the black ribbon round her neck and black silk stockings rolled above the knees. I experienced my first remembered error. This stuff, clearly, was dry.

The movies all followed, and down the years continued to follow the same formula: Lone-wolf Bond, on leave or recovering from some dark wound, is called in by his boss, M, head of British Secret Service, fitted out with spiffy gadgets

by spiffy gadget man Q, and sent on a mission against a real, evil genius bent on destroying/controlling the world and making millions of dollars. Bond survives the first of many attempts on his life, has an early skirmish with the evil genius, most often in the context of a game—baccarat, maybe, or bridge or golf—and meets a Bond girl, who will fall into one of two categories: good or bad. Good Bond girls tend to be Ph.D.'s in particle physics or reluctant Soviet spies posing as concert artists, and don't sleep with Bond until the end of the film, whereas bad Bond girls dress in leather, do kung fu, sometimes good ones do this, too, slip around NATO jet pilots and then fill them full of junk from a hypodermic, and snuff out their enemies or no-longer-useful allies with rodeo-style fire from between the legs as they ride giddily on powerful motorcycles. They get into bad with Bond at the first opportunity, only to be killed soon after, betrayed by their own sexual lusts or to escape away with Bond's Connors performance between the sheets that they finally question their (fundamental) bad-Bond-girl nature and turn against the evil genius, who's looking into a higher gear at that point, looking and even laughing derisively at the careful conspiracy Bond

has put together with M and his plodding American allies. In the act of securing Bond, sometimes before Bond is to be carried by a laser beam on board and imprisoned in a tank whose controllers are a husband/wife team of grunting great whites, the evil genius chuckles. "Ah, my dear Bond, it is so rare I get to meet a man of your taste and intelligence, and since you are about to die..." and reveals his own scheme, guaranteed to be of less leather desirability, i.e., instead of sealing the gold in Fort Knox, he aims to irradiate it all with a nuclear explosion, thus rendering his own private stash all the more valuable. Bond escapes, scope rocking clock, off to villain with a couple of corny aides and whatever weapon is to hand—gun, knife, penknife, exploding fountain pen—and then, after ignoring the drooling promise of future intimacy, presidency, and even M, escapes with surviving Bond girl to a consummation densitically to be wished.

All in all, a plot structure of which Aristotle would have spoken highly. Sometimes, during the course of the film, the bad Bond girl becomes the good one, but this wasn't so much fate and sympathy called for Jane Austen-like sophistication of character development. Hyster Blackman as Pussy Galore in Goldfinger was a leather girl with a train of dyke avant-garde underlings before, in a hypodermic, she found out what weapon Bond had between the legs.

This *Poodle* conversion was pulled off with an aplomb not even in Sean Connery, i.e., *evade* Bond, but then Goldfinger was a high that sustained itself only through *Thelma* and *spurred* badly in *You Only Live Twice* after which Connery quit for the first time, and my father pulled his own narrative dodge, taking his own death and disappearing with a vast amount of embedded cash. All this time he'd been taking Bond seriously after all. I was shipped off with my plastic Walker, my toy Aston, and my collection of ooty paperbacks to another part of the country, and thereafter to the docks with my mother, so of course it could never be quite the



Male bonding: Bond was with his valet-eyed forebears (clockwise from top left), Connors, Moore, Lazenby, and Dalton



same. Anyway, by then disaffection had set in. Connery was gone, replaced first by fashion model George Lazenby in 1969, then by Roger Moore, an appealing old duffer even back in 1971, and then by Timothy Dalton. Len Dugan and John Le Carré offered a more realistic and therefore down-to-earth vision of the secret world, and Bond himself had become an object of parody in the hands of Adam Sandler, author of *The Hot Chick*, Peter O'Donnell, whose *Moderly* films was a younger, meaner guy, and even Amy Poehler, who parodied the boresomely of all Bond screenplays (justified, for *The Sex Who Loved Me* on which

nuclear device is controlled by
of a beautiful Australian opera
the Sydney stage as she dances
in *Salome* by Richard Strauss.
know a cracking great when I



Lady-Killern Hines
with the newest
good Road girl,
Isabella Scosson

YET THE CREED has endured. By 1974, when his Fleming died, Bond was already on his way to becoming the most lucrative film franchise ever. Even with his creator gone, Bond was far too valuable to be allowed to follow. First Kingsley Amis and then John Gardner were drafted to write new stories through which Bond could stroll, asymptotically invisible, beneath his white suit, in search of apocalyptic, baroque (and a touch of camp, pretty girls, a high body count, and sex pieces across the board) new conceptions with the weary line:

It's not only commerce, of course. Planning for his big days will win a vocal appeal—he makes a swing on the stage, and those early movies were hip, adventurous, and knowing. In many ways, Hitchcock was behind it all. His early English movie *The 39 Steps* gave us, in Robert Donat, the best young version of John Buchan's Richard Hannay. Read a literary progenitor. And from a later American one, North by Northwest: Sean Connery plucked details from both Cary Grant, the hero, and James Mason, the villain, to create Bond's early scene pictures—well-mannered, impeccably dressed, and witty but also insolent and stately cruel, a young blood whose first question to himself when a stranger walks through the door is, *Do I feel you or hell you?*

Just as *Minutemen* have never stopped trying to redo *Hardcore*, so there have been all these Bond movies that aren't prime-time Bond movies at all. *Render of the Last Ark* took the character back to his roots in 1950s adventure. The Mad God gave a pocket of Marlboro and a grumpy under-shirt, and *The Last* was a flawed new-age stab, giving the gap a problem in his beardline, nonsense life. And it's *Foley* from that feels like the true, designed version for the 1990s, with *Travis* as Bond's slacker, *Sam Jackson* the dramatic, old *John* under attack. *Wine* *Wine* the all-around love.



Bond has become a man with a motivation problem: we don't buy what a Hollywood script salesman would call his "need." He harks back to a sampler, if not a more innocent time JFK knew the difference between Sam Bellows and Bryan Shaw but preferred his Fleming to either. Kennedy was the Bond of presidents and didn't—couldn't—lose.

Andy-Killer *Hirshman* with the acrostic poet Road girl, *Isabella Scobee*

very serious, and of course it was, and for an actor taking on the character now, the problem is simple but immense: to make Bond contemporary, to make believable that context of ideas—which I admit with no particular shame that, sometimes, after making what I tell my self is a wave spin on the beat, I find myself saying—"My name is Bond. James Bond."

TY'S FIERCE BROWNAN, however, at forty-two, who's got the job, which has the air of providence, since he was offered it once before—when Roger Moore stepped down in the multi-episode-only to be piloted by NBC, which wouldn't release him from his contract in *Romancing the Stone*. "It blows me away that it came around again," Brownan says.

He lives in a Spanish style with steep orange tiles. There's a shiny new black Porsche in the garage with the license plate *LET CALME BROMAR VOSSELS* (skewer and tell and his features, like those of many actors, are more chaotic and delicate than they appear on screen, as if only the camera made them solid). He'd returned earlier in the week from England, where he'd been walking alone across a huge stretch of moor as an empty soundtrack for the opening title sequence, which is another Bond-movie staple. He says, "That was just a gaggle into itself. I felt a prissy or charlie, 'see I felt, I'm doing it, I'm walking the walk.' I thought, that is too silly for words."

He chomps down on a Cuban cigar before a glamorous night at the Hollywood Bowl, where he watched the Magic Flute with a new girlfriend. Brennan's wife of many years, Cassie, died from ovarian cancer an age ago, and he has the even, staid quality of one who's known loss and pain and managed to come out the other side. There's a darkness, an edge to him, yet you warm to the guy. He grew up in County Meath, Ireland, in a small town on the river Boyne. He never knew much of his father, and was separated from his

mother for several years when she went to England to be a nurse. Travelling to join her again, in 1964, he left India on a grey Thursday morning with holy water in an aspin bottle in one hand and in the other a set of mossy beads with which he still toasts. The first Sun he saw in London was Goldfish.

"There was this gold lady, raised," he says. "A man with a hat that decapitated people and monsters. And this amazing cool dude who just kind of floated through the air, beat the shit out of anybody who got in his way, and got the girl. I kind of liked a."

As an eleven-year-old, he says, he connected with the imagery rather than the character. "The first guy I ever thought, 'He's cool, I want to be him,' was Clint Eastwood in the spaghetti westerns. But there was something about the wild naked dude that really got my attention."

He studied acting, worked with Tennessee Williams on the London stage, and made his first screen appearance as the IRA assassin who never says a word but finally gets to do away with Bob Fosse in John Mackenzie's splendid *The Long Good Friday*.

The new movie is called *GoldenEye*, after Ian Fleming's Jamaica retreat. In it, Bond's boss (played for the first time by

How does he fare in our era? This time out, Bond's boss, a woman, says to him, "You're just a sexist, misogynist dinosaur."

a woman, the English Shakespearean actress Dame Judi Dench—Miss Lady Macbeth) scribbles him out to save the world, saying, “You’re nothing but a sexual, megalomaniac dreamer.”

In the face of such, can Bond carry on the way he always has? Brown says, "He's naive and misanthropic, but I don't think he feels he's a charmer. If you think about this man who in forty-two who has done this job for many years, if you give that fact credence as an answer, you have to be a idiot, he just goes through and kills people and he fucks the women. Anything that comes across his path, he just goes through it. And what does that leave him? What's it like for him, day after day? Well, surely, He's a hard and dark character."

There you have it. Bird is the mid-egg; it reborn an iconoclast, though of course the success of *GoldenEye* will depend not only on *Thru the Glass*'s reading but on whether a balance has been struck between chaos, action, and the camp humor that amused people on in the first place (all the Moore films were too silly and gaudy, in my view), and whether the action itself measures up to standards expected by an audience that's very sophisticated about such things.

these days. Goldblum is directed by Marisa Campbell, who did *No Escape* with Ray Liotta and, for the BBC, the classic late 1980s conspiracy series *Edge of Darkness* which made a star out of Bob Peck. While sticking to the tried formula of chases, canons, death-defying stunts, a demon foe, and earth-shattering sci-fiology (his wife is being in the Russian army), he's contrived to give the film a graver feel and found, in Jamie Jensen, a sexy bad girl who works with the best, smokes cruel and furching in black leather. Dreamer says that if Goldblum does worst, they might well try to go *Quantum Tamarro* for the next movie to shake things up even more. A dandy idea. Let's hope he doesn't kill Bond coming out of the water.

In a live concert, the Gaumont cinema was knackered down, my father died, and I wiped up to the realization that a was not only alive but desirable but actually eager to become a man after the style of Lennon or McCartney. Even so, I still remember and even hunger after Bond. Every now and then, TB reach for one of the novels or kindly find a nut that reminds me of that which Cooney was while wrapping a pointer around the neck of SPECTRE agent Colonel Jacques Bouxier (pronounced Buxier) in the opening sequence of *Thunderball*.

I try to be postmodern about it. I tell myself it's all so do with what sticky areas of reading and watching fiction where equality crosses a line and becomes identification. That happens more often—hopeless childhood. Perhaps it's only then that books and movies have deep influence. Women I know tend to identify with their own early heroines: Scarlett O'Hara, or Elizabeth Bennet in *Pride and Prejudice*, who is not only the wisest chick in the village, a model of wit, independence, and common sense, but also a girl who, after marriage and domesticity, has

Yet they don't consider themselves unreasonable. Somehow, I'm the immature one for having ever wanted to be this debauched and totally believable cat who merely gets to live a life of more or less constant danger while eating and drinking the best, driving cool cars, killing bad guys, and scoring at least two gorgeous women per hundred minutes of screen time.

Ken Fleming is sitting down to write, found that his dreams corresponded to those of a teenager. Adolescents fantasize, modify themselves but at base don't change too much. Bond might have qualities of the dreamer, but he's an archetype nonetheless, a character whose face and name need change but will never go away.

A few years back, I got friendly with an earnest liberal fellow of my own age, an award-winning documentary film maker who confessed that he still had in his possession two of those Camp Toy Anzac Martins, one for general use and one that had never been bitten out of its oven box. Now, this was excessive, I thought, but then I had to admit that a guilty part of me still looked in the mirror and dreamed of Bond looking back. ■

This Is the **Bad** Bond Girl.



Her name is

Faye Janssen
She's a model and actress from Holland who has appeared in the television shows *Star Trek* and *Striptease*. Here and the movies *Fathers and Daughters* and *Lord of the Rings*. In *GoldenEye*, she plays James' double, a Russian mother and trained assassin. Her character:

- ♦ Wears a black cat suit
- ♦ Smokes cigars and plays baccarat
- ♦ Chokes a man to death with her thighs during sex
- ♦ Kills a helicopter
- ♦ Goes to have sex with James as a bribe but gets rejected
- ♦ Is involved in death between two brothers

This Is the **Good** Bond Girl.



Her name is

Izabella Scorupco
She's a model, actress, and singer from Sweden. Her 1999 album, *24*, went gold there. (GoldenEye is her first American film; she has previously appeared in the Swedish films *Prins*, *Stress*, and *Bo Över Den Lilla Lilla*.) In *GoldenEye*, she plays Natalya Pyrkovna Naumova, a Russian computer specialist involved in various assignments. Her character:

- ♦ Wears a bikini and swims
- ♦ Returns from smoking and gambling
- ♦ Is kidnapped and held on a yachting cruise
- ♦ Lugs from the skin of a helicopter at James' behest
- ♦ Has sex with James
- ♦ Saves the planet with her computer savvy

Photographs by
Timothy White



Fiction In a smoke-free world of nonviolent solutions, 007 must fight to the death just to stay unevolved

License to Hug

BY WILL SELF

BOND SIGHED AND THREW THE BULKY BUFF FOLDER onto the desk top hard, so that it knocked his heavy gunmetal cigarette case. This in turn knocked the supple, calfskin holster that was wrapped around the metallic blue shape of his service-issue Walther PPK semiautomatic pistol. The gun fell to the floor with a dull thud.

"Damn!" Bond exclaimed. He swept his feet off the edge of the desk, pivoted himself upright, retrieved the gun from the floor, and slammed it down on the folder. The barrel pointed directly at the title: "Public Accountability of the Secret Service—The European Dimension." Bond had been reading the stodgy hureaucratise all morning and was beginning to wonder which was worse: the tedious jargon or the spurious principles it enshrined.

He stood up abruptly—a tall, lean man in a dark-blue single-breasted suit by Paul Smith, white cotton shirt by Thomas Pink, knotted black silk tie by Hackett, and Church's black leather casuals. He walked to the window, working his shoulders like a boxer warming up. Never

through rooms in these off-the-peg threads, he missed. How harmful to be a willing collector of misnamed director names, rather than a respectfully informed Savile Row away.

He motivated readily for a while on the decline in British respect following while staring out over the green froth of Regent's Park. It was a brilliant day in early summer, but James Bond's heart was heavy. There had been no action to speak of in the Double-O Section for more than a month now, and there was no sign of any on the horizon. Not only that, but this didn't have the appearance of one of the lulls he was familiar with after twenty years in the Service. During the past six months, there had been no serious changes in the old firm, changes Bond neither up nor down supported.

Finally M, long dry for retirement, had been replaced by S. Bond didn't doubt S's ability, maturity of intellect, and capacity for political enlightening. It was just that

As Bond watched the secretaries, he thought not of unbridled, unfettered carnality but of melanoma.

well, just simply, it was just that S was a woman. And not just any woman, a rather lovely, sophisticated woman. A woman who, with her thick, Dorsal second ears and popping Peloncar, bore an uncanny resemblance to the matron at Bond's old public school.

Her arrival had coincided with a series of government measures designed to bring the Secret Service into the twentieth. The sign outside the double doors of the high office building on Regent's Park that bore the legend "UNIVERSAL EXPLOIT" had been removed and replaced with one that proclaimed, "MR. MAJESTY'S SECRET SERVICE, AND UNDERSTANDS, INQUIRIES WELCOME."

"Might as well put our bloody bare addresses in the phone book," Bond had grumbled to the Chief of Staff as they pulled over their immaculate chicken Kari and two veg in the staff canteen on the day the nameplate was changed.

"Now, now, James," Bill Turner had replied, "it's true that the times are changing, but I don't think it's necessarily a bad thing. The cold war is over, we're on the brink of a new world order. And here at home, Britain's economy isn't a zedging-shed and a second-hand. Why, within five years we may be taking at least some of our orders from Brussels."

The Chief of Staff hadn't noticed that Bond was actually chewing on a Brussels sprout while he spoke, and now the unpleasant vegetable shot from the mouth of the agent with the force to kill, ricocheted off the table, and rolled along the canteen floor, registering a hole out of Bill and two in a wince. In due course, Bond followed.

THERE HAD BEEN OTHER, less well-known changes. Instead of the top-secret reports Bond was accustomed to reading while not on active assignments—reports with titles like "How to Kill an Armed Assassin with a Carpet Tack" or "Eliminate A New Truth/Truth Drug from Malaysia"—these came a steady procession of these check folders. In them were directives or subjects wholly alien to Bond. "Affirmative Action: Promoting Ethnic Diversity in Espionage." "Keep It in the Closet: Accepting Gender and Sexual Diversity in Government Environments." And, more ominous of all, "Tolerance: To ward the Neoliberal Solution of Marriage Dissolution."

The arrival of that last weighty bit of buff on Bond's already graying desk had coincided with an unpleasant turn. This had spread, via the various provinces of upper-middle class women who staffed the Cipher Section, up to Mary Goodnight, Bond's deliciously very secretary, who put it to the street agent himself with ill-concealed pleasure.

"Oh, James, it looks as if S is considering abolishing the Double-O Section. Apparently, she agrees with the Prime Minister that the time may have come when it's no longer necessary—or polite—for a modern nation such as our own to employ unlawful killing as a tool of assault."

"Isn't it outrageous now, James? No more violence, no more danger, and no more wars on your beautiful body." Mary hissed, finding it difficult—as ever—to control what she felt for him, to hint her desire that she should score from the Service together, marry and start a family.

And now Bond watched the secretaries entering the park to take an early lunch break. As he watched them removing their blouses and arranging their naked limbs in the sunshine, he thought not of unbridled, unfettered carnality but of melanoma. Why such morbid thought? He drew himself up to his full height, scooped his cigarette case and rolled-gold Dunhill lighter up from the desk, and went next door to the stationery. "I'm just popping out for a smacker, Mary," he said. "If it's needed, I'll be on that ready line or else at the end of the corridor."

"Oh, James, you just know the head of maintenance has sent her usual directives on the fire escape mail if you continue to limit S's smoke-free-building policy. Why don't you try the patch? You don't know it won't work until you've tried it."

She had got one of the dented nicotine patches out of her desk and was waving it at him with a look of saddy approval on her very face. "Pshaw," Bond exclaimed. "Patched smoke-free building? A man can't have a smoke when he's—" His angry words were cut short by the sharp ringing of the phone on the desk next door—the black phone but the red one, the one connected directly to room number ten—the office of S herself.

Bond stood quickly to it and lifted the receiver. He listened intently for a few seconds and then replaced it carefully on its cradle. "Well, Mary," he said as he passed by her and out through the door, "no time for a final cigarette now

I'm wanted upstairs, and something tells me it may be important. Its either a mission—or a mission station. Ha!"

On the eighth floor, Bond stepped from the lift and walked slowly up behind the best, attentive form of Ms. Monsepperty. Her smooth belt of brown hair hung in a tasteful fringe over the outside of her PC. The lobes of her delicate ears were hung with dangling earrings in the shape of double-headed birds' toes.

A shadow of movement panned over Bond's head, and faster as he laid himself down to catch the exposed side of her neck. Then she shot upright and swerved away from his touch with such dispatch that he might have been attempting assassination rather than seduction.

"What the bloody hell do you think you're doing, James?" Her lovely features were pinched and when the lips turned down in an alluring snarl of disapproval.

"Come off it, Monsepperty. I've propped myself on the corner of her desk. You know I can't resist you—"

"No, James, you can't resist your own goals. Haven't you read S's memorandum on sexual harassment? If you haven't already taken it onboard, there have been some changes around here, changes that show you up for the dissembler you—" Her pretense was cut short by the buzzing of the intercom on her desk.

"Is that there?" S's voice rasped from the speaker. "So, madam," Monsepperty replied. "Well, send him right in. Plenty of time for the lecture later on."

"Does not to reason why," Bond heard from the door of S's office. Then he was inside, and immediately the red light came on, showing that S was not to be disturbed under any circumstances. Monsepperty sighed, shook her head as the curtains launched dark miniature assaults on her neck and bent once more to the keyboard.

"So down, now." The fact that in a few short months Bond had learned to loathe was turned in profile, so that the sharp tip of S's nose pointed like a dagger at something she was nothing annoyed between her fingers. The down-turned lamp threw a pool of yellow light on the Moroccan leather of the deskset, and it was into this arena that S now tossed what she had been fidgeting with. "You know what this is?"

Bond picked up the lump of coral, vegetative matter and rolled it between his fingertips. "Skank," he pronounced after a while. "The cloned and hybridized flowering heads of the turquoise plant—"

"Country of origin?" S snapped. Bond carried on rolling the gumball-size mass as he took from under his long and half as wide before abruptly crushing it and pressing it to his nostrils. He inhaled deeply, sniffed, and said, "Judging from the cream, I say this was a subcommercial hybrid of some kind. Rush strain, probably. It's so called 'super-skank' and the only country that really produces it is quantity is the Netherlands."

"Very good, very good, my dear. Of course, I wouldn't expect any less of you, given your operational experience in the Caribbean. Now, take a look at these." S took a blue folder from the top of the pile in her basket and passed a screen to Bond. He opened it and took out a sheet of glossy film by right color photographs. While he examined them, S got up and began to pass the room, opening the curtain blinds that covered the windows and flooding the room with sunlight. "You'll see the first few shots are pretty standard views of the border country in south Aomang, the

RUC station at Crossmargate, and so forth..." S's voice trailed away. She was perching the stapled little dog, which was coiled up in a basket under a plant stand.

Bond had noticed at his last visit was examining one of the photographs with deep concentration, a hint of crudely playing about his lips. "Bloody hell," he heard from between clenched teeth. And then, "Sorry, m'am, it's just—"

"I know. Amusing, isn't it?"

"The Big Billy really is looking like a bit of a sadist." "Quite so, William McKelroy, also Big Billy, the most feared of the agents in the border country, Kennedy of the Second Brigade of the IRA, now operating in a somewhat feeble capacity. Responsible for recent acknowledged hits against the Army and the RUC, and a further—as unacknowledged—against covert forces." S turned to face Bond, the sunlight gleaming off the gold rims of her bifocals in constricting rays.

Bond continued. "And that's a Hecker in Koch GJ 82's he's lined with a Philips range intercom. The bastard—a Special Forces super rifle, as we speak. Makes a bit of a mockery of the special rifle—"

"That's enough, our. You're not here for your policy report." As S idly rearranged a bowl of pretzels on an ornate silver table, Bond thought with profound intensity of M, his pipe smoke, and his bluff, naval efficiency. "As you can see," she continued, "we have someone very close to Big Billy, close enough to photograph him in an operational context. And that's just as well, because our contact informs us that together with a renegade Aircrew Service Unit, Billy intends to hit Crossmargate in the near future with something a bit bigger than this pens substitute."

"You realize, of course, that the consequences for the peace process would be disastrous. He has to be stopped."

Bond held the old, familiar intercom building in his trigger finger. As he did, after all these months of lamp-wound insolvency, he would be back in the field, back in the field doing what he did best, for—

"And, our." S's back-bay tones cut into his reveries.

"Yes, madam?"

"I want him alive."

"Alive?" Bond couldn't help exclaiming.

"Quite so. If the Republicans get hold of the fact that we've eliminated him, we'll have belated up the peace process, not exactly what the PM has in mind."

"Now, my attention. I'm going to fill you in on the Dutch dimension as all of this. Billy has a novel way of finding his way. There's not a lot of time—you're booked on the RUC flight from Heathrow to Amsterdam as at ten in the evening, and I want you to see Q before you go. He has some new equipment he thinks may be of use on this assignment."

EXACTLY TWENTY MINUTES later, Bond was descending to the subterranean of the building where Q Division resided. He had left S's office without so much as a backward glance at Ms. Monsepperty. Funny, a never occurred to me that she was a lesbian, he thought as he swept past her but came to think of it, she's never actually in my routine her field of the So low in his thoughts was Bond that he didn't even notice the small, middle-aged, bearded, the lower patterned Laura Ashley dress who had into S's office in his wake.

"Hello, James," and Q, looking up from the workbench



"I see, so Mister Secret Agent has become Mister Flop-on Merchant, has he?" exclaimed Blanche.

Her features were exquisite, a slant, slightly retreating nose, below it a proud, full mouth. Her chin was sharp and quivering, her complexion almost carnal; dark, thin, together with high cheekbones and slightly tilted eyes, implied a dash of Malaysian or Siametta blood. Common enough in Holland. Her figure walked that dangerous tightrope between the girly and the volute that always appealed to Bond. He admired her up as a proud, beautiful woman who would love him, but the men the world loved her fiercely.

They sat and immediately plunged into discussing the job at hand. Blanche was direct and to the point. She had been arranging the collection of slunk coins for the past five years for the Irishman she knew only as Bill. He would put up the investment required, she would lure the glushouse, and her team would put in the necessary egresses and tend the merchants. When the slunk was harvested the Irishman would turn up and pay her and her team: cash on the rail.

But gradually her suspicions had been aroused. Little comments the Irishman made led her to believe that money was only a means for her—not an end. "While the armed struggle was still happening you know I wasn't so upset. I realize you may not like to hear this. But with peace coming, and this man still doing crap after crap, I began to think

of the vote, slunk-filled greenhouse, where either he or Big Billy would breathe his last.

So egressed was Bond in his gun and talk that he didn't so much as glance at the moony brunette sitting in the corner of the café bar, pretending to read a copy of *His Imit* while in reality making egress notes.

BOND STARED DOWN on the smooth tarmac of the A-1 building for Zerk and discovery. "It's best that you take my cue," Blanche had said. "He is normally in the greenhouse when I arrive, but he will be listening for the engine and know something is wrong if it doesn't sound familiar." Blanche's cue was, unfortunately, a green Citroën SCV—very anachronistic and underpowered—a hearse wagon. More like a mobile conservatory than a car. Bond thought to himself and then gazed. How suitable. The assassin arrived by greenhouse to buy a killer in a greenhouse.

Bond in his starched Mareschal Special of the day and blew out a long stream of smoke. After he had doled with Big Billy, what then? Blanche had made no secret of the fact that she was

maybe it's not a good thing to work for this man anymore. Through a friend, I contacted the Justice Ministry. It was all very discreet. And now they send me you. I do hope you will not hurt this man, for I love. I see in silence to your eyes."

"But, darling, Blanche," Bond was tight lipped. "This man is a terrorist, a killer. And as for your slunk favoring. I don't know how you can justify a. From where I'm sitting, it's crime, pure and simple."

"You must understand, Mr. Bond," Blanche said, holding her blue eyes with her violet ones, "that we slunk customers do not do this for money we do it."

"For love?" Bond was incredulous. "It's a dangerous, life-threatening drug. How can you say that?"

"I don't think you can ever have smoked good slunk, Mr. Bond. It is a spiritual experience, you know, opening up a magic realm of the utmost serenity." She faltered again and blushed most charmingly. "When I smoke slunk, I am in the mood for other philosophy—or love. I think that for this last thing, my slunk is maybe a little bit better than your cigarettes or even this liqueur."

Bond remained himself from going this depressed young woman a piece of his mind. Instead, he ordered another shot of gin and tonic—and ran over the details of the operation with her again and again, until he was certain he knew the exact layout

staying at the Hotel New York as well, saying in the room right next to his. She'd also made it clear that she wanted to know what happened. "I don't run," she had said, "and I know that but even so in a police cell and you are on your way back to me. Please, James, you will be very careful, won't you?"

Darkness had fallen. The hole car sped on. Outside, police succeeded police farmhouse scooped farmhouse, and succeeded small. Where had been anyone else in the Citroën, he would have seen the last, had seen some a lion, had smile in the dim wash of light from the discolored James Bond was thinking about Blanche, thinking about taking off her tiny dress, thinking about a wish grant, carnal memory.

The Citroën bumped up the track that led from the bank of Narvovet into the heartland of market peddling. The moon had risen, as Bond had expected, and with a clear sky it was almost as bright as day. Bond had his adolescent prancing as he caught his first sight of the great glass expense of the dope growing greenhouse. He felt the heat of his Glock for reassurance and eased off the safety. He cut the engine and cruised to a halt in the shadow of the building.

Bond found the small side door where Blanche said it would be and entered the massive greenhouse. A great wave of vaporous pungency punched into his nostrils. The smell of the slunk was overpowering, almost narcotic in itself. Bond passed the greenhouse was plunged in darkness. The enormous electrically warded covers, used to shorten the daylight periods so as to persuade the plants to fruit early, were in place. But as he walked, some night vision returned, and he could see the long slots of waste high tables with their freight of soil and slunk.

"Tass, you, Blanche, me girl!" The voice rang out, no sick tragic, but harsh, commanding. "Tass you? Come on, show yourself!" Bond didn't get a third challenge. Instead, there was a sharp click, and a bullet whizzed by his ear and smashed through the corner of a slunk plant, covering Bond in sticky pulp. He flung himself to the concrete floor and lay there, writhing with four desperate hands! The hostess he had his Becker to knock work him and it was fitted with the image intensifier—nothing else could account for the accuracy of the IRA man's shooting in this black interior.

Bond looked off a few rounds from the Glock in the corners the rifle had fired from and then began, with infinite caution, to edge his way along the third floor. If what Blanche had told him was correct, he had fifty meters to go—and if she had misled him, then James Bond was dead man.

The big rifle flashed again, and the huge round whined off the concrete slunk from Bond's outstretched hand. "I'll get you, bastard!" Big Billy roared. Bond started fire, aimed on a broad beam for the sickening thump. Another shot from Blanche's Koch, another faster report from the Glock. "Thank God for the slunk!" thought Bond. Without the dawning shadows of the plants, the image intensifier would have picked him out in seconds.

With each exchange of fire, Bond was managing to make a few egresses of progress. It would be done, very close. Bond blessed Q for providing him with a gun that took a large magazine. Two more exchanges of fire. The Irishman's bullets were so close that one plucked Bond's sleeve. His whole body was rigid with cold anticipation. Thirty meters, twenty, ten, and there was, just in the end and

In one final movement, Bond rose to his full height and beat the switch. As he dropped to the floor once more, there was a high pitched whine of chemical engines. "What the

happened?" Big Billy shouted. Already a massive silver truck was showing at the edge of the roof. Moonlight was pouring down into the greenhouse as the enormous cover was wrenched open. Knowing that his target was distracted, Bond rose again, and yes! There he was, the image intensifier lying gaggle making him appear like some strange nocturnal insect that had been caught in the act of pollinating the marijuana plants with his rifle.

As Bond had calculated, the goggles were useless to Big Billy now that the greenhouse was lit, and as the IRA man flinched and cursed, struggling to remove them, one stepped forward and justified his professional status by pumping four rounds in quick succession into the leg man's upper body. Big Billy spun around twice, sweeping slunk plants to the ground, and then collapsed in a heap on top of them.

As Bond came up in the prone body blowing the name from the barrel of the Glock, he saw that Big Billy was still floundering also. "You Irish man. Why? Why?" The Irishman was lying on a pulpit of slunk, and the lumpy plants and the sweet gagging smell of them mingling with the odor of gunfire and death imparted a lurid edge to the scene.

"I'll tell you why," said Bond, looking down into the dying eye. "Because those who live for the green, the on the green." Then he made the Glock and fired the last round.

THREE HOURS LATER, at close to 1:00 AM, James Bond pushed the hole Citroën up to the hotel the Hotel New York and got out. He had taken an hour to tidy up the evidence of the duel in the slunk greenhouse and another hour to find a suitably remote public telephone in old London. He used basic encrypting on the open line, explaining as briefly as possible what had happened and where the cleanup crew from the Dutch firm would find Big Billy's body. Then there had been another hour's drive back to Amsterdam with a stop in a small, tidy bar on the way.

Here Bond had worked a group of plants. Dutchmen came around a good table to serve awful cocktails whereas while he put down five shots of gin in quick succession, letting his body relax into the apoplectic haze as the agent slunk into him.

And now, walking up the stairs to the first floor of the hotel, Bond felt a different kind of serenity. The adrenaline began once again to pump through his arteries. After the hard work—now for the soft reward.

He knocked lightly on the door, and from within came a single, emphatic, no. "Slunk down, come in." He entered, and there she was, sitting by the tall window, which was open to the night air. She was wearing a long ivory-colored robe, which was half-open to expose a vee of brown skin and the warm roses of her full breasts. "Oh, James! You are safe. I am so glad. And... and Bill?"

"No need to worry, he's cooling his heels in the cells as we speak."

Blanche trifled with laughter. A delicious trill that sent a shiver down Bond's spine. She was smoking a hand-rolled cigarette in a long pale holder. She took a drag and said, as she came toward him, curled so that a cloak of smoke formed around her shoulders. Bond took her in his arms and their mouths married. Her body was so soft, so like Bond felt his control slipping.



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What Would **You** Do with Pussy Galore?

By Jamie Malanowski

Part 1: Could You Be Bond?

1. You are driving on the Long Island Expressway when a large, oily man leans out of his car and begins firing a weapon in your direction. You (a) whip out your Walkie-Talkie and return fire (b) pop a wheelie on your right rear tire, drop off the overpass, and land behind the Supreme Highway (c) use the laser as your Cowbell to disable your pursuer (d) wonder, "Who the hell goes Joey Bitchdickson as a bond villain?"

2. An entire person with a mouthful of large metal braces is approaching. You think (a) "She's here, married!" (b) "I want to marry her!"

(c) "Haww! I love James [sic]" (d) "Perhaps we should have sent Billy to find some kind of straight-enough-tooth?"

3. A brute of a man forces his way in front of you at the Chrysler. You say (a) "Excuse me, my good man, but the end of the line is back, here" (b) nothing, but maintain stare at the microphone stand, perform a side-kick that not only leaves his microphone pad useless but also spits his person (c) nothing, but have, calculate the time to use your hair-firing cigarette to kill him (d) nothing and feel powerless and subdued and full of self-loathing

4. You are given some memorabilia by a beautiful woman. She says, "Is there

anything else I can do for you?" You say (a) "Give me a drink" (b) "How are your breasts?" (c) "Maidle my peeing" (d) "Wa, thanku."

5. Your favorite place to spend money is (a) your local Arden Martin dealership (b) a Men's Carlo-cosme (c) the Ruggles Image catalog (d) Murray the Sturgeon King

6. When you read about the Disney ABC merger, you thought, "Michael Eisner is (a) a shrewd businessman. I wonder what he'd do with EMT?" (b) a klutz. I wonder what this will do to my stock." (c) a mope. I wonder how "Tid Turner looks." (d) a rapaciousness bent on world domination. I wonder what I'm to have."

7. You have just told an attractive woman that you work for

Universal Report. She says, "What's that?" You say (a) "We report a Universe of products" (b) "We report products to the whole universe" (c) "It's crap. I'm really a spy. What to see my gun?" (d) "Hey, I said it in plain English. Figure it out."

8. Someone comes live on the alternative woman you met playing chess in bed. You say (a) nothing. You shoot the assassin (b) nothing. You disarm the assassin with a laser-chop (c) nothing. You disarm the assassin with a random (d) Oh, baby, please take me back! (She shrugs nothing to me! I'll never do this again!)

9. A typical conversation with your superior, Mr. Almost Always makes a comment like (a) "Gladly, we can't afford to make any mistakes." (b) "I don't think up this one, Bond." (c) "No ships. OIT." (d) "So, was the story of a mouse or a bird or?"

10. The question you must have being asked by associates is (a) "Now, Goldfinger—he was sucked out of the airplane, but did he really die?" (b) "Now, Dr. No—he died into a pool of atomic waste, but did he really die?" (c) "Now, Skellé—you dropped him down an enormous snakehole, but did he really die?" (d) "Now, Princess De—was she not cut of a mouse or a bird or?"

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Part 2: Could You Be a Bond Girl?

1. A group of thugs attacks you and James. You (a) struggle lustily until James helps you (b) lie on the bond with a flowerpot (c) die (d) do your Gaudin super sexion

2. James wags his eyebrows at you and leans in for a kiss. You say (a) "Oh, James!" in a sexy way (b) "Oh, James?" in a playful way (c) "Oh, James!" in a passionate way (d) "Who the fuck are you, Ben Packerood?"

3. You have just told James your name. He arches an eyebrow. You say (a) "What, haven't you ever heard of somebody with my name like James Bond before?" (b) "What, haven't you ever heard of somebody with my name like James Bond before?"



(c) "What, haven't you ever heard of somebody with a name like Piffle Expert before?" (d) "Yes, Elizabeth—but you can call me Your Majesty" (e) "And you?"

4. Your liaison with James means, unfortunately, that you must die. How would you like to go? (a) disappointed gaily by Goldfinger (b) the possessed in your sleep (c) the woman, by SPYGLASS (d) in bed, surrounded by your grandchildren

5. You want to catch James's attention. You (a) put on a seagull and walk on his head (b) run a bubble bath and wait in his bath (c) put on a low-cut dress and wait at the Internet table (d) bondle

6. James will be most impressed with you if (a) you have access to such vital information about a nemesis: bond on world domination (b) you understand the character of the villain: a disheveled intentions (c) you can drive like a chameleon (d) you can act as a Plug-Fung ball through one's head

7. If you really hope to enjoy your liaison with James, there is one question you must never ask him: (a) "Why don't you want to get married again?" (b) "Why do you wear a tongue?" (c) "When you get the eyepatch why didn't you take care of the chicken skin on your neck?" (d) "Are I really your first?"

8. You would actually succeed if you would only: (a) employ ruthless hitmen who were as ruthless as the agent (b) use your evil genius for good (c) kill Bond once you caught him (d) talk to your physician about prostate

9. Apart from Bond, the man in the world you fear most is: (a) Saddam Hussein—he has all these secret weapons! (b) Vladimir Zharovskiy—he's better than you! (c) Nova O'Grigley—he's got Congress money again! (d) Tim Hanks—there's no part he's not brought there!

10. Your biggest disappointment was: (a) having Bond order a laser ray and not killing him (b) having Bond strapped in a vault with a bomb about to go off and not killing him (c) pushing Bond out of an airplane at a high altitude and not killing him (d) having the Chameleon and St. Super Bowl XXX.



Part 3: Could You Be a Bond Villain?

1. Your idea of crime is: (a) melting the polar ice caps unless you're paid a large ransom (b) do something a nuclear device unless you're paid a large ransom (c) destroying the ozone unless you're paid a large ransom (d) smelting the Chicago Bears into a cowhide onesie to look like people

2. Your idea of a pet is: (a) a white Persian cat (b) a Bond-riding pterodactyl (c) a man-eating shark (d) fish, the talking pig

3. Your idea of a hangout is: (a) secret, sparse, alien populated by your hands and bad ideas (b) a remote island in the Caribbean that is

equipped with lasers (c) a secret laboratory high in the Swiss Alps (d) dead

4. You would actually succeed if you would only: (a) employ ruthless hitmen who were as ruthless as the agent (b) use your evil genius for good (c) kill Bond once you caught him (d) talk to your physician about prostate

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11. A typical remark you would make on the subject of Bond is: (a) "I could have him killed in the snap." (b) "I was curious to see what kind of man he is. I thought there might even be a plane for him on SPYGLASS." (c) "Let me do him a paralytic by experiment and hand him my eye." (d) "What I want to know is, how could a guy like that never get the clasp?"

12. Your biggest disappointment was: (a) having Bond order a laser ray and not killing him (b) having Bond strapped in a vault with a bomb about to go off and not killing him (c) pushing Bond out of an airplane at a high altitude and not killing him (d) having the Chameleon and St. Super Bowl XXX.

13. You would actually succeed if you would only: (a) employ ruthless hitmen who were as ruthless as the agent (b) use your evil genius for good (c) kill Bond once you caught him (d) talk to your physician about prostate

14. Apart from Bond, the man in the world you fear most is: (a) Saddam Hussein—he has all these secret weapons! (b) Vladimir Zharovskiy—he's better than you! (c) Nova O'Grigley—he's got Congress money again! (d) Tim Hanks—there's no part he's not brought there!

"Welcome, MacArthur Fellows" says the hotel's precast chandelier. Then it starts the day's events: Registration, 900. West Lobby. Reception 6 to 8. Performance Room. Dinner 700. Nikko AB Entertainment 9 to 10. Nikko C."

BACK IN THE LOBBY, the geniuses come and go, gathering around the black tables, leaning on a jazz piano. The MacArthur Foundation makes a strained effort for multiculturalism. The selection here has a textbook diversity: blacks, whites, men, women, downers, babies, figures, studs. *Amara, Merve*

Americanas, Haydn etc. The conversation is all cerebral chatter. It is fortunate that there are more than a hundred geniuses here, because the first person I speak to identifies herself as Kenneth Hope. An uncle of mine made down my spine. Hope runs the MacArthur Fellows Program until 1990 and for most of these people was the mysterious voice—the J. here—first "Tyrant of the TV show *The Millionaire*," who called to break the good news. He is, without doubt, the last person I want to meet. He asks my name and I tell him the name and I tell him the name and I tell him that I am keeping up my writing. He nods sagaciously. That is the end of our chat. He is coming now to look in the glow of my precast genius.

Later, while sitting at the bar, I spot a shiny folder marked *MacArthur*. It is a measure more—a shelf of papers with a daily schedule of events, seminars, talks, readings. There is even a guide to the visiting Fellows, describing in a line or two their particular genius. The reinforcement that night, for instance, is Ali Akbar Khan, who received \$25,000 in 1991 for his mastery of the sarod, a twenty-five-string instrument, and who is the founder of "The Ali Akbar College of Music in Calicut, the Ali Akbar College of Music in San Rafael, California, and the Ali Akbar College of Music in Basel, Switzerland."

The owner of the folder indicates it is, so I move back among the tables. Next to the lounge's jazz pianist, I spot the bad boys of the reunion. This small group—crying out for more drinks and waving folks to their table—has already established itself as a clique. They are the jazz buffs. The schedule says that dinner will begin soon in the downstairs ballroom, and most of the geniuses are early winging toward

the escalators. But here, at this table, the muffled cry is muffled. So generous are the revelers' pleas that one reaches out as far as where I'm standing. I point modestly to myself. "Me?"

Seated around the table are Joe Friedlander ('90, a photographer whose artistic vision has explored diverse subject matter, including urban landscapes and mountaineering, studies, and portraits of jazz musicians and high technology workers), 1990/000, Steve Lacy ('90, just months before his "compositions" feature arresting interlocking loops and vibrant rhythms), 1990/000, Irene Aebi (like me, not a genius, but Lacy's musical partner), Philip James Davies ('90, a jazz fan but mostly a biologist: "investigating the role of acoustic calls in the evolution and maintenance of symbiosis between heterotrophic eutrophic and autotrophic"), 1990/000, and Sonny Crouch ('91, jazz critic and author "whose work draws upon his realization as a black American in a way that sustains an unimpeachable belief in excellence," 1990/000).

Dorcas and Aebi are trying to roll their own cigarettes. She's holding a lacy fig with tobacco sticking out both ends like buzzed wires and trying to light it on a cocktail candle.

"You know," Lacy says, "Theodore Monk once said that a genius is a person most like himself."

"Most like him self," says Friedlander. "That's good."

Crouch recalls his first, painful encounter with Monk, years ago at the Marlboro in Los Angeles. "He walked over and, pose, I was just standing there. I said, 'Silence is something, isn't it, Mr. Monk?' Monk said, 'It's the loudest sound in the world, but most motherfuckers can't hear it because it's moving.' And, whomp, he's gone."

"Right, man."

"That's it."

"Waaaaaah!"

"You know," Crouch says, "we usually think about people making sound and moving the sound, but what do you think about moving the silence?"

An abstracted silence starts the table. A slow, soft rill from the lounge's jazz pianist starts the breach. It's the cigarette crackles nearby to life.

"Man."

"Whoo."

"We're going to roll up the monkey and smoke it," says Irene Aebi in what I assume is some authentic jazz argot.

"It's true, it's so true," Ernest Gaines ('99, novelist whose "writing exhibits a historical eloquence that transcends mere generations," 1990/000) steps by before proceeding to the scheduled over downstairs. He is a large man of such dignity, it almost feels as if we're getting caught by an adult. After he leaves, this little table assumes no decorum into sarcasm and laughter. The herd of geniuses is now a name tag. I tremble at the sight. With the exception of this table, the gathering has all the earmarks of the deadly ordure associated with the word *conference*.

"They should just move the entire party up here," says Friedlander.

"To this table," says Crouch.

"We're going to roll up the monkey and smoke it," says Aebi in what I assume is some authentic jazz argot. Davies has consulted with the peanut, who's now playing Theodore Monk.

"This is the party."

"Welcome!"

THE MACARTHUR FELLOWS PROGRAM originated in 1961, when the nation's most lauded philanthropic organization—the now-obscure John D. and Catherine T. MacArthur Foundation—decided to give massive grants to "exceptionally creative" individuals. The winning epithet "genius," which the foundation further, was being on the crime gang almost immediately. Since then, the annual selection of about one dozen fellows has generated a cottage industry of desperately looking artists.

The acute gaze sought to see conflicting ideas of genius in America. The word is an import from medieval England and is meant to describe a purified form of ideology transcending creativity. This sense of genius was an eighteenth-century invention that faced genius in opposition to mere intelligence, also termed. Genius was supposed to be reserved for a distinct few whose gifts not only permitted them to achieve but reflected the most overtones of human thought—Mozart, Voltaire, Einstein. There weren't two dozen geniuses in a millennium, much less every year. It followed, then, that no genius could be discovered during his or her lifetime, precisely because a genius was defined by being visionary enough to see beyond the contemporary ideologies that hold most of us swatches intellectually in thrall.

But the MacArthur configuration of genius is different because it is not merely about intelligence or creativity. It is also about money. It is a naive, even charming synthesis of two established myths, the conservative notion of the rugged individual freed from the regulatory trappings of society, and the liberal ideal of the man alone in a gaudy, desperate to bring a new vision to the world but distracted by the consuming demands of petty financial obligations.

The genius owes their financial origin to John D. MacArthur, who made his money selling penny insurance to the working class during the Depression. As a shakedown rich guy, John D. was in the same phylum as John D. Rockefeller or J. Paul Getty.

While Rockefeller and Getty were notorious for, respectively, auctioning unsolicited stamps from envelopes and mining out soiled underpants in a hotel room rather than paying for a wash, MacArthur's lifestyle was equally hokey. He spent his mornings in a deckchair, his afternoons in a study, drinking gallons of black coffee while manipulating his hands from a set of phobias hand specially installed in his booth. After he bought the hotel, he would sometimes turn off the air-conditioning in the diner to save money. He died upstairs, in a simple apartment overlooking the parking lot.

To this man was born a son named Rodrick, who seemed to have been possessed of an artistic spirit. After spending World War II driving an ambulance, he remained among the cliffs of Paris with dreams of writing the Great American Novel. But he had a family to support, and his life abroad was lived without any help from his father. John wanted Rodrick to get a job, dammit. So eventually he did. And once having tied on the dispiriting harness of capitalism, he never took it off.

Rodrick didn't do so poorly. While in the employ of one of his father's banks, he received the NOW checking-savings account, which brought in hundreds of millions of dollars in deposits. Out of gratitude, the old man kept Rod on a lifetime 4-year salary, no more.

Later, Rod created the American Bookend Exchange, where conservative Elton John and such traded like pork bellies. He also revived the aging Hamacher Schlemmer, a store infused with the same idea as the genius grants—only instead of searching for the best minds. His motto for the "very best" back massages, weed chases, or outdoor air-conditioning.

While serving on the board of the MacArthur Foundation, Rod came up with the idea of the genius grants, endowing them with the family's money. But, in fact, the program owes its origin and spirit to both father and son. In the standard descriptions of the grants, one can find the Bookend narrative ideal of John D. The recipient is free of restraints (beyond "borderline expenses") to pursue whatever he wants. Then there is the Democratic narrative ideal of Rod. The artist can sit in Paris and write that novel without worrying about the gas bill, emancipated from quotidian drudgery.

"It's all very well to stare in a gazer," Rod once told the *Washington Post*, "but some areas of endeavor can't be handled that way. I don't think that keeping people poverty-stricken is going to help them create great works."

The MacArthur fellow is really a very American hybrid—part New World frontiersman, one part Old World artist.



MAC, THE BEST CLAM WIN Biographer Philip Gerard. Writing studies the O'Connell street games of mindless modernists on the make.

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and American Robert Dornier—all live on Harley Avenue. After complaints that the selections didn't include enough women, the number of female recipients increased. In fact, after the appointment of Professor Catherine Simpson as director in 1993, they soared. This year, 60 percent of the grantees—554 of twenty-four—were women.

But more subtle the events were through the same metropolitan change that the Pulitzer recognized as long ago in World War I. The Pulitzer honor the great work of daily journalism, not editorial, but past of reporting, but "public service" and—here the organizers knew that they would never receive any widespread coverage of the awards if they didn't invest glamorous categories, however irrelevant to newspapering, that the media couldn't resist: best novel, best dramatic work, best history, and best biography.

The MacArthur came up with a different solution when faced with the same problem in the 1950s, a decade that saw the creation of many competitive far-left awards: the Bertha Foundation's \$100,000 Human Rights Award, the General Foods \$100,000 World Food Prize, the \$100,000 Alexander Charnin prize, the \$100,000 Rumpelstiltskin prize. The foundation evolved from answering some early donors' desire for the early stages of development in Fellows from many media regulars down largely from the C section of The New York Times.

Still, the shrouded mystery of the selection is what the foundation protects most. In fact, what still attracts the media to the annual announcement is that seductive air of secrecy. The entire process mimics the medieval notion of divine grace: it arrives unannounced, from God, upon the blessed. The real grantees are those who cobbled together such wonderful media bursars. The real grantees are those who select the grantees. The real grantees are the MacArthur Foundation.

STAYING AWAKE AT 7:30. I am in my rooming room in Grand Ballroom C for "Feminist Jazz Dance Class" with Jacques d'Amboise (30, dance instructor who founded a "cross-cultural anti-racism education program that provides children with the opportunity to discover the arts through dance," \$100,000) I'd say there are twenty-five or thirty grantees, many, plus a few spouses, and one little girl about ten years old.

The drum begins with a slow version of bad, shoulder, knees, and toes. D'Amboise speaks up and used some of us as having "bad knees" as you. General pardonmentous music. When d'Amboise announces previously that we're doing "jazz," the room divides into laughter. Some are doing "jazz" as you, acknowledging an unpretentious that momentarily unites us.

Soon, we are learning part of a funky box step that will be accompanied with other movements to form a Gothic jig. A lot of us grantees are having trouble with this seemingly simple step. It involves rocking on one foot, crossing over, and stepping back. The room for the staff dividing into those who can pick this right up and those who can't.

"I want to take a walk," d'Amboise gestures his speech with this simple unpretentious. He steps over to one tall balding blond grantees and offers help. Then he asks the puffed blue lady, who can't count to three without a stopwatch in his hand. I am shocked by seeing a musician absolutely aware of dance. But Lady's good cheer obscures him of any embarrassment.

"No, no, no, no," cries d'Amboise as he stomps around the room like an enraged Rumpelstiltskin.

The women have a third of the room in full flight. "Ladies," d'Amboise says stiffly to the puffed, "I just want to see them, hah, hah, hah!" He stomps to the piano to whisper something remaining.

Again, we push through the puffs. The crowd drifting to the back of the ballroom, like me, not hearing well. D'Amboise blinks the early stages of the crowd. "Like a match, a match?" The unpretentious dance grantees are not putting up with it. He steps up to one lovely mid-aged woman and makes a show of her inexperience.

"No, no, no, no," d'Amboise cries. Then he stomps like an enraged Rumpelstiltskin through the puffs. The women grins gently and catches on.

"My wife" he says. Scattered laughter relieves the strange vice taking over the room.

"I want to take a walk," d'Amboise cries. A Gentle "Yes" d'Amboise is shaking up. The competitors have moved to the front of the ballroom, eager to obey d'Amboise's instructions and display their gift in what is now nothing less than a contest. The back of the room is whistled at by knees and fingers and all the other fellow mid-aged who hand PE in grade school.

"No, no, no," d'Amboise cries again. But this time, he charges into the group to offer assistance to the little girl. Her face is in with screech as d'Amboise angles her out in a room of adults. Her mother moves awkwardly toward her.

"Every other step she's doing is perfect," d'Amboise says to the mother. This backwardly one-legged has the feel of a line he's traced a thousand times. The girl is shuffling with feet but briefly pushes in. Her box step is a frenzy series of Englished jazz. She is frustrated and terrified when, only a moment later, d'Amboise moves in again. His face cherishes as horrifying. An entire room is straining and how stepping simultaneously.

There is a widespread wave of giggling, meant to compensate to the girl that we know how difficult this is. But to her they are guffaws of ridicule. She is petrified, and her movements have now degenerated into nothing but rocking madly back and forth.

As soon as d'Amboise withdraws again to the front of the ballroom, the child begins whimpering. Her mother pulls her toward the rear. Raye Ginzburg (34, anthropologist whose interest is focused on cultural practices and gender roles in modern society) notices and takes up position beside the girl with all the fear of a political statement. As the dance class ends, d'Amboise says, "I want to take a walk" the translation of standard book design through her use of

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the first component of text pages, for incorporation of personal material with text, and for innovations in book structure and paperwork." (p.1000)

One's position in the bathroom is a pronouncement on the subtle dichotomy permeating the weekend: Is achievement cooperative or competitive? As the leader of a six-month-old club, I slide over as well. Right now, my long-suppressed South Carolina white trash genes are erupting, and I feel an overpowering desire to top a few dozen points off of Aristotle's RL with a two-by-four. When the call comes for breakfast, some diners surround off Aristotle to congratulate him on the class while the rest of the slip from the room, man-

BY SATURDAY MORNING, the scientists are hanging with the scientists and the humanists with the humanists. Despite the foundation's efforts to get people to interact, the genres cling in kind. Spontaneous still erupts only from the gen. Gen, who appear from time to time like dignitaries, giggling, wheezing, or coughing.

The claspiness of the sciences and the humanities does have an exception. At mid-morning, I slip out door to hear the end of a speech by Alvin Brontstein (Ph.D., who has been involved in many significant advances in theoretical use law in all state and federal prison systems." (p.1000)). Brontstein, a handsome, graying man with a solemn and tanned face, has finished a 90-minute lecture and is telling to a man in a wheelchair about prison reform.

Standing off to the side, listening to Richard Stallman (Ph.D., founder of the Free Software Foundation) to "pro-duce the free software, change, and improve software." (p.1000)). Stallman is a pudgy man with an arched smile for flouting everywhere. Always he wears the same outfit—sneakers, black baggy pants, and purple shorts—covered by his elbow-length black hair and adorned with a button that reads, "PEOPLE GET THE GOVERNMENT THEY DESERVE—THEY DESERVE BETTER THAN THAT."

While listening to Brontstein, he grabs a fistful of his hair and threads these tresses through his fingers until they extend nearly two feet out, perpendicular to his head. He sustains this hair bridge for a painfully long time and then slowly begins to reveal it. Meanwhile, one foot begins to leave the floor, over so slowly, you're sure, and, still slowly, his knee approaches his chin. He begins the construction of a new hair bridge. It's impossible not to watch him, at least

and he plunges his hand into the clutch of his pants and rearranges the Stallman's private memory banks with all the self-awareness of an outlander.

"Crack skulls," Stallman suddenly blurts, "you live simpler to get people hooked, so the person will become a repeat customer." Brontstein seems puzzled.

"If something is not fashionable, it may not be accepted," Stallman proclaims.

Brontstein recognizes the premise of the luncheon arguments and explains in courtly terms why he is opposed. "Well, then," Stallman says, "why do kids put beans in their noses?" He draws out a long string of hair, loops up on one leg—crane-like—and lets his head on his shoulder, sealing the enigmatic grin of the Buddha.

The man in the wheelchair suddenly raises the topic of Third World torture. Brontstein turns to him, relaxed.

Just before lunch, I pass Stallman, who is considering a one-legged argument with Neil Swerdlow (Ph.D., a historian of science whose technical analysis of the works of Ptolemy and Copernicus have led to a greater understanding of the development of astronomy." (p.1000)) and Susan Schneider (Ph.D., whose "photography, noted for their depiction of violence in scientific regions around the world, goes larger questions of race and ethnicity." (p.1000)) about whether crack skulls would make good rock/bombs, since they're good skeletons.

"We got to go," Brontstein says. "But I want to go to know you more," says Stallman. "Oh, no," Brontstein says. "I'm not going to know you, Richard."

Stallman's unique body language and his gift for non sequitur make him a later-day parody of the old science type of genius. He really does have weird hair. But his knowledge of the ineffable is too immense, even for this crowd. I wonder if he doesn't have a counterpart—a rationalist so far down the spectrum that he has drifted into a realm comparable to Stallman's world of elite confusion, his creature of visionary genius.

An afternoon seminar offers hope. Talks of the predator class, as well as everyone else, are fighting for seats at a session titled "Would T. rexosaurs Run Really Fast a Lawyer?" The speaker is Jack Horner (Ph.D., dinosaur paleontologist "whose research findings derive primarily from discoveries of dinosaur eggs, embryos, nests of juveniles, and groups of

"Well, then," Stallman asks, "why do kids put beans in their noses?" He grins enigmatically like the Buddha.

adults, as well as from numerous dinosaur species and related geologic information." (p.1000))

Horner is a long drink of water in jeans and a work shirt—an old hippie with a beard. Folks line the walls all the way up to the podium. A half dozen children have scored the first row. The jukebox has gathered up first with them.

"Where did you recently see a lawyer being eaten by a dinosaur?" Horner asks.

"Jesus Christ," shouts a kid.

"How many people think T. rex would eat a lawyer?" Half the hands in the room shoot gleefully into the air. "I wish you were right," he says, to laughter. Horner, who once lectured finding his degree, is known for topping the established ideology of dinosaurs. He's argued that dinosaurs were not growing appetites but more like birds. This morning, he cheerfully navigates through the results of his experiments with humor and wit. His conditions are novel and innovative, yet all this is presented in an aw-shucks go-kartness that completely wins over the audience.

He begins by meticulously refuting the claims of his profession, especially those of the century paleontologist Henry Fairfield Osborn—"a man who lived himself more than dinosaurs. Osborn was one of those guys who believed that if he said something, everyone should believe it," Horner says. He points across the floor like a revival preacher. His style is homespun, even glib. But his arguments are solid and his natural authority. All sources of authority are suspect.

"So Osborn said that T. rex was a gigantic predator," says Horner, pointing a slide of the dinosaur in attack mode. "He had the skeleton put together in a museum, and they put it together like this only because the dinosaur had a very high arching. They had to break his tail to do it. They also had to break his back." Whoops of laughter. Dimples up and down the room. "And they had to delicate both the head legs." More laughter. "But they got it really high, and it's very impressive to me." He steps and draws his hands out.

"We've got you looked at the animal and asked, 'What can this animal do and not do?'" It's all so simple, and Horner says it out. T. rex has a mouthful of gigantic teeth that "have serrations on both and back, you can break bones, obviously, if you have a mouthful of weak knives, you eat steak." (The problem is, how did he get his steak with those little arms?)

According to Horner's lab extrapolations from bone scars showing where the muscle was, T. rex could lift 40 pounds with one arm. "That's a lot of weight for us, but

that's not a lot of weight for something weighing twelve thousand pounds," Horner says. Plus, the hole claws had only four inches of movement.

Horner then puts a headslashing slide the bones of a velociraptor clashing a tyrannosaurus by the head and showing its powerful hand legs into the chest. Apparently, the attack occurred beside a sand dune cone, and the pounding caused the sand to sink, burying the animals instantly.

"This is what a predator does with his arms," Horner says. "So arms are very important, particularly for bipedal predators. We are bipedal animals. Put your arms behind your back. Now hold a chicken with your mouth." He runs around the room, jerking his head, until the laughter finally prints out.

"So how did T. rex catch its prey?" he says. "People had ideas. One was that T. rex ran up next to their prey and knocked them over." Again he approaches the children with another point at the ultimate authority. "You can read about this in books!"

Other people, he says, "argue that the tyrannosaurus ran up ahead of the other dinosaur and then knocked it over with his tail. Well, dinosaurs aren't very smart, but I think if T. rex was ahead of me, I might run the other way." The acrobatic dexterity between an arm and "Health Care and Social Change in the South Seas" is winning with laughter.

In short order, Horner dismisses every one of the T. rex's "weapons." Those big, powerful legs only slowed him down. "I've seen a snakebite victim," he says, "who says, 'Then he shows how T. rex had huge peripheral vision and had eye stalks, meaning he could hunt only in bright daylight instead of the dawn or dusk preferred by ordinary predators.'"

OK? Scans of the olfactory lobe, he continues, show that T. rex had a huge lobe in relation to the brain, the biggest mass ever except for the turkey vulture. Vulture? The audience members are squinting in their seats. Horner says that T. rex could probably smell things twenty miles off.

"So," Horner announces, "we have a dinosaur with a good sense of smell, bad sight, can't run fast, no arms to catch anything with. Folks, we're looking at an animal that's not as bad as a predator as you think."

Then Horner flashes us off. From time to time, he explains, paleontologists have across enormous beds of dinosaur bones where thousands of skeletons have been found as a result of some catastrophe. "In these beds, we do find thousands of skeletons of only one type of animal, except we do find one other thing. We find hundreds of tyrannosaurus teeth. Now, dinosaurs shed their teeth, and they shed the most teeth when they are eating," he says.

Horner slides on a slide of one of these dinosaur deathbeds. Suddenly, we can imagine a tyrannosaurus rearing up about almost directly on two legs, its back parallel to the ground, flailing like thunder from corpse to corpse in a screaming animal, a volcano, a carmine state. The whole room is in a kind of shock. (Now to Newt Gingrich. That T. rex should you forcefully keep in your office is more revealing of your inner dinosaur than you know.)

"So, would T. rex eat a lawyer?" Horner concludes. "If the lawyer's alive, I'm afraid he wouldn't eat him. The question is, Can you tell if a lawyer's alive?"

One of the little girls in the first row is quite upset. "In the picture of the two dinosaurs fighting, why didn't the other dinosaur just run away?" she says with sorrow.



THEORY OF T. rex: Dinosaur specialist Jack Horner makes no bones about his belief that the extinct creatures are like birds.

A meditation on the unbearable allure of the well-shod woman

Heel, Boy!

By Chip Brown

NEVER MIND for a moment that the dignity of a man whose desire is cued to a woman's shoes is constantly at risk, subject to ridicule and the stigma of perversion. Even the minor inconveniences of shoe fetishism are costly. One, when I was in line waiting to pick up a theater ticket, Bianca Jagger swept into the lobby. She was wearing a booty, short skirt and black high-heeled, low-cut pumps with rhinestones on the toes and rump ribbons that coiled biblically around her ankles and culminated in bows at the backs of her calves—pumps, in short, that evoked not just some passing aspect of

firecracker fashion but the whole deliciously sinful history of temptation and sin itself.

It may be hard to believe that what a woman wears on her feet can recapitulate the collapse of Eden, but many men in the lobby that night seemed on the brink of an existential crisis, apparently unable to remember why they had come to the theater or whom they had brought or what the rules of polite society were. All high-minded, person-oriented consideration of Bianca, child of God, had been rushed from their heads by Bianca, succubus in the serpentine pumps. I went outside to steady myself on a parking meter and to wonder again what had been the good of all those years I spent in feminist-restoration camps, learning not to objectify women. The fever passed eventually, but by the time I got back to the box office, the show was sold out.

So it goes in the labyrinth of perversion: It can hardly be news to women that certain kinds of shoes have the power to galvanize a man's attention. Galvanize is the least of it. Desire, which belabors all men, has a special fondness for the shoe fetishist. He may find himself buying socks at the windows of some high-end shoe boutique or contemplating his résumé in hopes of actually landing a job inside. He may find himself driven to more serious transgressions, as did the PR man Chuck Jones, who went on a baroness shoe binge in Maria Napier's closet and then pathetically—but perhaps inevitably, given his line of work—broadcast his longing to see the shoes again, hungry for visitation rights with the loved ones he held in his custody. Some fetishists have been known even to knock women over on the street in order to make off with their pumps.

Of all fetish objects, sexy shoes are among the oldest and probably the most common. Their power to transform a woman—or, for that matter, a male transvestite—is universally acknowledged. They taper the toes. They arch the instep. They lift the calves. They lift the booty and bow the back and oil the hips and soothe the gut. Their leather, animal scents and textures evoke the jungle blood sports bred in our genes. They make the foot look shorter and more precious and yet add the formidableness of extra height and often a sort of athletic minare. A sexy shoe is a masterpiece of concealment and disclosure and so defines the dynamic of lust itself.

Boys who are raised in the thrall of shoes feel their

What color was her hair? What did her eyes look like? I have no idea.

effects long before they can understand the phenomenon. The first distinct scene I remember bearing was in the gilded of my spin-the-bottle game in sixth grade. What color was her hair? What did her eyes look like? What sort of person was she? I have no idea. But the baroque gillies that started her foot underneath the mop lace are fixed on my memory and seem almost synonymous with the awakening of my desire—such as it was then in its budding, sixth-grade form (and may well be now if that *Banana Juggernaut* episode is any indication). I still think the reason I can't do percentages is that in eighth-grade math class, there was a girl named Sandra or Sam or Sally who was always slipping out of her black pumps and dangling them off her toes and then flipping them back on with a little vacuum-packed sound of nylon squeaking into leather. What seemed at the time to have been some inexplicable and possibly abnormal preoccupation proved soon enough to be part of a long lesson in the intrinsicality of the body, whose nature and order we do not manage but suffer and bear up under and, on occasion, revolt in, swept along on its giddy torques and unreasonable defenses.

Where does this passion come from? Freudians say that in the high heel, the fetishist sees the restored glory of an absent phallus—that a fetishist requires this restoration to overcome the loss of the emaciated female, *goth/booth, goth/booth, goth/booth*. Letting Freudian schemata define shoe fetishism is like putting poetry in the hands of computer programmers. Shoe fetishism goes back thousands of years. Platform shoes, the forerunners of modern stilettos, were found in the tombs of ancient Greece. In ancient Rome, Lucius, the father of the emperors Vespasian, was famous for carrying one of the jocular standards of his lover Messalina under his robe, once even leaving it in public. The modern madness first broke into view in the sixteenth century when Catherine de' Medici's high heels caused a sensation at her Paris wedding to Henry II. French heels, as they came to be called, signified aristocracy. In his book *The Sex Life of the Foot and Shoe*, William Roxy recounts the story of a prostitute working as Madame Kathy's New Orleans brother who had great success in French heels, so much success that Madame Kathy regularly imported batches of French heels for her other sex workers.

"We learned we could double the fees when the girls strolled around in those high heels," she noted in her diary. "It gave a look of class, to the ass. The men would cross just watching them. They drank more, paid more, stayed

longer, came back more often."

Shoe fetishism even added the thoughts of God to. At sixty-four, he composed a note to Christine Valgren, beseeching her to "please send me your last pair of shoes, already worn out in dancing, which you have told me about in your letter, as soon as possible, so I can again have something of yours to press against my heart." Flaubert shared his passion, lavishing tribute on Emma Bovary's ankle boots. But it's hard to say whether the psychology of fetishism preceded high heels or high heels engendered the psychology. In pursuit of this point, I went to see Dian Hanson, who, as the editor of the fast-growing men's magazine *Leg Show*, gets nearly a dozen letters a week from male foot and shoe fetishists. "Shoe fetishists tend to be white-collar, well-educated, obsessive, overachieving males with a high feminine component," she said. "A lot of them seem to have been raised by angry mothers. Most who write to me don't want to be cured. No matter how painful their fetish is, it's also their main source of pleasure. What they want is to find a woman who shares it or who will go along with it."

Women are just as transfixed about shoes—more transfixed in that many are willing to forgo their feet by wearing them—but they are seldom fetishists. Shoes can heighten a woman's sense of her sexual appeal, but rarely do they outpace her sexual desire. Women may be attracted to the same kinds of shoes as men, but their fantasies about them are different. Consider the story of Cinderella, the quintessential shoe-fetish narrative that exists in more than five hundred versions, including an Egyptian one that dates from the seventh century B.C. In the glass slipper, the prince sees Cinderella in herself, the shoe being the symbol of the woman he desires. But Cinderella sees only that she is desired, the shoe being the symbol of her allure.

The dynamics of the ancient folktale are still present. Not long ago, I saw some easily frayed old copy for the Orsona shoe, an evening article by Peter Fox: "Experience the joy of style mirroring with the feminine charm of our Orsona. In spring, men's fancies turn to... well, with these shoes on, you'll know yourself." Yes, you'll know when you look back and see a line of shoe fetishists asking for visitation rights. The male view of the Orsona and nearly



Goethe wrote, "Send me your shoes, so I can press them against my heart."

all high heels is narrowly—dreadfully—Pawlovian; the female view is much more dreamy and diffuse.

Of course, a well-endowed, overachieving, man-made-molded shoe fetishist can't help but acknowledge the problematic aspects of his obsession. The advocates of sensible shoes—everyone from feminist poets like Adrienne Rich to consumer advocates such as Ralph Nader—can make a compelling case that high heels are a brand of male oppression. They restrict a woman's movement. They deform a woman's feet. They can wreck her back. Most diabolically, they enhance male power by heightening female helplessness.

All of which, needless to say, makes it very complicated for a man to buy shoes for a woman. I've given shoes as presents four times, to four different women—a statistic that seems almost illogical now that I write it down. Love's fairy tale says you should give shoes only once. It was a strange and delicate transaction each time, fraught with subtlety, as tricky in its way as a kidney transplant, and it wasn't made any easier by the fact that I had different taste and didn't know much about shoes in the way that women know them and think about them—what goes with what, what's appropriate, what's the message being broadcast. The first were a pair of red heels that clashed with my long-suffering girlfriend's carrot-colored hair. The next pair, given to somebody else, were more successful but only because the woman picked out the Norma Kamali jumps herself. The third time, I found a pair of velvety gold-and-black Peter Ivers high heels that I realize now were a thousand times too flashy for my Wussy friend. And the last, delicate T-strap evening shoes. My beloved preferred motorcycle boots—the manliness they represented sometimes seemed to atone for mine. The shoes hurt her feet, and she almost never wore them. What tied all these gifts together was a caution unstated plea: They were a way of entrusting these lovers to be more adventurous, more sexy, more romantic. And however generously they were received, how could there not be help but be some resentment? Don't you love me the way I am? Why do you have to dress me up? Do you really want to know me or your fantasies of me?

These are the questions I think about during my periodic stays in the redaction camp. But last fall, as I was watching a fashion show in a tent on a chilly night in Bryant Park in New York, it seemed to me that it was the anti-high-heel revolutionaries who had pulled up lame. Forget the testimony of shoe fetishists who insist that women in high heels are more powerful, not less. Forget the shrinks, who have more serious fetish problems to solve (like the case of the guy who can get off only on the handlebars of Italian racing bikes). Remember this: Linda and Nadja and Naomi and Kate and more than a dozen other drop-dead statuesque embodiments of human perfection stepping out of the void. They paraded the length of a white, light-sensored runway. They were dressed by Anna Sui in gold-lace jumpsuits and bolero jackets and gladiator garters and brilliantly brief miniskirts and laser face masks. They were mounted in shoes that Blaise Cendrars would have been pleased to command a lobby in, dominating ankle-high boots and belted stiletto sandals and spike-heeled, black patent-leather witch slippers—shoes that would be at home in any fetish boutique. There was envy and desire and beauty and death in the air, and it was not coming from the sea of telephone lenses or from the business of the night—the orders being placed, the opinions being formed, the notes being scribbled by agents. It was not coming from the cherry lipstick on the saccharine mouths or the sultry shadows above the outside eyes. It was not coming from the clothes, either.

It was coming from the shoes, the true instruments of transcendence. Had Linda and Nadja and Naomi and Kate been hardened, they could not have moved as they did—regal and out of reach, stopping only briefly at the end of the runway to disdain the adulation of ecstatic fans, and then once again, halfway home, to make another swartering turn and survey themselves once more in the cloth of their prime. How many more seasons of fabulousness and divinity did they have before they were lowered into oblivion? We poor mortals in the audience were bound to them and to their precarious balance and escalation, which could show us glimpses of our own. We could not help but want to drink more, stay longer, and come back again. ■



Linda Fiorentino's Dirty Little Secret

After making her name playing nuts and sluts, the actress just wants to settle down and be a nice girl. But first, she'd like to see the size of your hands. By Lynn Darling

I FEEL SORRY for you," Linda Fiorentino says by way of introduction. "I have PMS and I just quit smoking."

The look that accompanies this announcement is perfect. "No, I'm not a bit sorry," says the smile that momentarily curls her lips; you can take it or leave it.

It's a small grenade from Bridget Gregory, the bandit queen she played in *The Last Seduction*, tossed over the transom as an opening salvo. She follows it quickly with an open-faced gust of laughter: the chaser that says,

"Now that we've got that out of the way, let's talk."

But before we get to the particulars of Fiorentino's life—to the green door floating in the dream house and the relative importance of size in a man—let's get one thing straight: Linda Fiorentino is not Bridget Gregory. Absolutely not. She has never made love clinging by her fingernails and spike heels to a chain-link fence. She would never drive a man to murder.

In fact, she's getting a little bored with the femme fatale stuff. Not that she isn't grateful. At thirty-five, after an eccentric

Just in Case: The Last Seduction. Fiorentino has tired of playing a femme fatale.

"Doing sex scenes with people you like is interesting. But doing them with people you don't like can be even more so. Because if you don't like somebody, you torture them."

cuter spent chafing success whenever it got too close. Linda Fiorentino has become a star in spite of herself. In *Jade*, her first major studio film, directed by William Friedkin and written by Joe Eszterhas, she plays yet another standard in the male-fantasy pulchro—an elegant psychiatrist with a secret life as an irresistible slut. Fiorentino is happy to talk about her primping-makeup persona, but, really, it's not who she is.

"People come up to me and say, 'God, you're such a bitch,'" she says in her husky contralto, a voice sheathed in black leather. "And I want to say, 'No, really, I'm a nice girl. I only have children. I give to charity.'"

Which, in a roundabout way, is why she's giving up cigarettes. She wants to be healthy in order to have a baby, a baby who would live in the beautiful house she's found just upstairs New York. It will be her first home in fourteen months, a perfect house with a swimming pool out back and plenty of space in which to indulge her passionate interest in photography.

"I think I'm an idiot now," she says. "I feel like things are on the right track otherwise, and now I want to soap as many benefits as possible, because chances are it's going to be a disaster movie—I've learned from experience. I feel like I'm going to move toward something better."

Yeah, sure. Tell that to the men staring in the window of the SoHo restaurant, nursing their desire to, for starters, get her phone number. Tell it to the starry-eyed totemon who comes up to the table and talks about *The Last Seduction* as an inspirational text, the ultimate antidote to *Woman Who Love To Mock*.

They don't care about what Linda Fiorentino's really like. They want her to be bad. These are after all, desperate times. We need dangerous women.

Oh, they have always been with us, the femme fatales—each era calling forth its own succubi, dark ladies who slip the knife deep into the prevailing erotic angst. In the forties, they were bad girls masquerading as good girls, trapping good men in their libidinal webs, preying on their virtues' trusting souls like Barbara Stanwyck in *Double Indemnity*, Mary Astor in *The Malice Hideout*.

Ever Sharon Stone in *Basic Instinct* was an old-school bad girl, the evil sorceress, the Coxe who lured men against their will, dishing them against the rocks at their own desire. But as Bridget Gregory, the sexy, consciousness vapor who seduces a small-town schlump into taking the fall for her, Linda Fiorentino gave us a femme fatale perfectly attuned to this ebullient, contented age.

She ruled the current gender angst. Dressed in her designer suits, inscrutable behind her coyness and confidence, her dancing legs loose and hot and available, she was every corporate climber's nightmare. She was the spike heel through the glass ceiling, the doorman's every breath with a corner cut or a head assumed to be Bridget was bad, no apologies had, want-me-at-your-pink-hat. A girl who said men

and then erupted them on their own illusions about women. And got away with it.

Florentino was surprised by the vehement reaction to her character, the way it divided according to gender. For women, the most fervent moment occurred when Bridget walked into a strange bar, owning the place the way women never do, choosing her "designated fuck."

For men, it was always the first scene: Bridget clinging like an alley cat, clamped to a guy with his pants down around his ankles. The image created a complex chemistry in the men who watched it, suspending their fantasies in a solution of longing and terror.

"Some men react on a sexual level," she says. "They want to be the one to bring her to her knees, to strangle her out. The ones who are attracted to her think she's strong enough to overwhelm her."

But it's more complicated than that. For the ones she doesn't frighten away, Bridget is also Hitchcock in a tight shirt, the erotic aggressor they don't have to protect from their very violence, who doesn't demand a decoder ring for every offhand remark.

Shortly after the film was released, Fiorentino was helping one of her pants move into a new house. One of the movers approached her. "He looked at me with those eyes and said, 'I just wanna thank you for doin' some,'" she says. "It was like I was his priest." Giving absolution: Taking it easy.

FLORENTINO IS WANDERING through a photography store in SoHo, on a quest for a book on stereoscopic cameras. But at the moment, she is leafing through a book of turn-of-the-century pornography.

No one in the shop seems to recognize her, small boned and dark haired, dressed in loose fitting beige pants and a black cotton sweater. She's wearing no makeup, but the mobile, mocking mouth really needs no emphasis, her dark eyes find ergonomic simulators. The walk, even in tan, is still somewhere between a stunner and a mare.

She stops at a scene of a naked man, his hands bound behind him, kneeling in front of a semiclothed woman seated in a chair, her legs open to his mouth. Fiorentino showed the photograph to William Friedkin, the sly, and a variation of it appears in *Jade*. She improvised most of the sex scenes in *The Last Seduction*, and she worked the same way this time. "In the script, they had [the character] in a red wig, and she was fucking so hard she was upside down. First of all, it was impossible to do physically.

"Doing sex scenes with people you like is interesting," she says. "But doing them with people you don't like can be even more so. Because if you don't like somebody, you torture them. It's really fun. You start pulling their hair, and they'll think it's a sexual thing, when you're really trying to

Against type: All she really wants is a husband, a child, and a midsize dream house.

"I slept with a couple of guys, like we all do, and a couple of girls, like we all do," she says of college. "Then I got to New York and just blossomed into this sexual creature."

been them. Or you're just having a bad day, and you can take it out on them."

There it is again, that spark of bright, Pizzanese energy turning it on and off, like what the persona helps her get away with, like flashing the reminder that behind the sexual matronage, after all, is a polished, thoughtful actress.

She turns to a book of Edward Weston's photographs that includes several voluptuous nude studies of his mistress, photographer Tina Modotti. Pizzanese has wanted to portray Modotti for years. "She was a B movie actress in these stupid silent movies," she says. "She met Weston, brought him to Mexico, where he became a great artist. She won his trust, and then she got involved politically in the revolution. I understood her. The part of her life that fascinates is the way she became her own form of art."

Modotti's life dominated Pizzanese's own ambivalence about acting, she still wonders if she wants success enough. The indifference enriches her work. Her sexuality preoccupies with the possibility of boredom, of wanting something more than she allows or, even more intriguing, not wanting it enough. The ambivalence threads its way through many of her performances, from the worldly spy in *Catfish* to the beautiful ignorance of *The Madonna* to her perfect sadomasochistic sculptures in Martin Scorsese's *After Hours*.

Pizzanese turns to a collection of photographs by Joel Peter Witkin—dramatic images of a nightmare sexuality: cadavers wearing metal G-strings, many-breasted hermaphrodites, a ghastly Linda with her ass on. "That's who I think I am half the time," she says. "Spooky, isn't it?" She is lost in the antagonistic beauty of the images. And then, like a thoughtful hostess, she asks, "Are those repulsive to you?"

Outside, in the hallway, she continues raising. "Most of my friends are not in show business, and they're really old-fashioned," she says. "Their morals are very much a throwback to the fifties. Get married, buy the house, have children, suffer. You suffer because that's what you're supposed to do. You're supposed to have a boring marriage. There's a new morality, and yet there is a certain freedom to it, because it's not who these people really are, it's not who they grew up to be. It's based on fear, on the need to control the chaos."

So here's this generation of acts on their best behavior, not because they think it's right, but because they're afraid to step out of line. And along comes Linda Pizzanese, misbehaving in "technicolor." "My friends," she says, "think I'm the freak. But I'm not. I'm who they would be if they weren't so afraid."

She was christened Clarinda, a middle child in a flock of eight, an Italian kid from Philadelphia, a survivor of that fierce breeding ground for musicians, rebels, wild girls, and bomb throwers—the Catholic school system. "You would certainly say I've rebelled against my Catholic upbringing," she says. "Catholic school teaches you to be terrified of your ancestors."

Her parents didn't grow up easily. Pizzanese even went to an all-girls Catholic college. It was, she

says, the usual campus odyssey. "I slept with a couple of guys, like we all do, and a couple of girls, like we all do. Then I got to New York City, and I just blossomed into this sexual creature."

It is as if she were describing a different country, given how much things have changed since her arrival in New York in the early eighties. "My name Terry and I would just go into a bar and say to some guy, 'I don't know your name, I don't care, let's go.' We couldn't remember which one of us fucked which one. We would share these cars. We were like guys. It was all a game. It was all for fun."

And it changed, Pizzanese says, when she fell in love with director John Byrne. She was twenty-four. "Monogamy became very interesting. I was in a relationship for seven years. I was completely monogamous, and I loved it. I was a lot younger than him. I don't want somebody my age, because then they start going through some sort of crisis, and then they start screwing around."

She's never returned to her prude ways. "For me, once you've experienced being in love and having sex with the person you're in love with, there's nothing better. I'm not looking for a quick fix. I can make myself come."

What she wants now, she says, is a little normalcy. This is somewhat distressing, the idea that there is a clear, old-fashioned girl lurking in there somewhere. So far, however, Pizzanese's attempts at the ordinary life have met with a few banana peels. The dream broke, for instance.

"There's miles in it," she announces a few days after her bad was accepted. And the zoning people say she can't build her darkroom. Other bad guys are after her swimming pool. "They say I have to put a fence around it. I thought they were afraid that children might fall in, but it turns out they're worried about deer. So now I have these nightmares of unattended green deer floating around in my pool."

And then, of course, there is the question of a father for her future child. There is a problem here as well, given Pizzanese's somewhat jaundiced view of the gender. Recently, she read a magazine article that explained it all, she says. "It said that the DNA passed on between women is so strong, it never changes. It's continuous through daughters, but it seeps with the man. That's the key to the male/female problem right there. It's in our DNA! Maybe that's why men have not evolved emotionally and spiritually. It's like they're America and we're Europe. I just think women have a deeper sense of history and responsibility. Men are like children, which is what we really love about them."

And it's also what scares her. "I think the thing that frightens me about marriage more than anything is that I would get boring for him," she says, "that he'd take me for granted and start having affairs."

But doesn't the risk exist on both sides? "I think it's harder for women to get away with cheating on their husbands," she says. "My eyes cannot lie. And there's also something about a woman. We hardly are physically violated by men, they have to enter us



Still looking: The ideal man? "A nerd with a big penis. But not that we all want!"

"My sister Terry and I would go into a bar and say to some guy, 'I don't know your name, I don't care, let's go.' We were like guys. It was all a game. It was all for fun."

They come in us, and there's something about that that's harder to hide than a man, who basically can look a centesimal and get away with it. If it's there and he's in a position, yeah, I don't think women are less I think men are better than I.

No way. Women are the winners of life, having perfected the art of deception over the centuries for the sake of men. Men are the losers of life. You can see the evidence coming for miles, marching off to the left with their shoulders on their shoulders. Still, we'll let her have this one, if only for the sake of argument.

"I just think it's fair in the game of love to tell somebody the truth, and that's how I want to be treated," Fiorrante says. "If you need to fuck other people, just tell me. Don't make me think I'm crazy. It's okay, if they don't like about it. If they like it, over. Over it's only about the last. I say this to every man I meet. And when they say 'They say, 'No way, I'll fuck around on you, I would not. I would definitely be.'"

Fiorrante admits she has a little work to do on making her notions of romance with her more pragmatic view of male limitations. "I mean, I am Italian, and we invented the opera, so I do as lose as this winning, beautifulizing, passionate thing. And no man can sustain that forever."

She settles into a taxi, on her way to the Edward Hopper exhibit at the Whitney Museum. The discussion continues: What does Fiorrante tend to look for in the men she's attracted to?

"Intelligence. Sense of humor. And a big cock." The cabdriver barely avoids near-kissing a Mercedes. "Oh, sorry," she says to him. "Anyway, that's it. Is that order? A real wish is big gets a little. A real wish is a penis. Let's start what we all want."

The third requirement, she hastens to add, is not a dual breaker. Which is good, it is suggested, since, while men are one and two are pretty obvious at the outset, number three can be harder to discern. Fiorrante looks incredulous. "Oh, come on," she says. "You can get an indication. We've all done random sampling here." She mentions the nose-honored hands, feet, and nose too. "All the excitement. Sometimes you can be fooled, because if they're too big, a really big guy, like six feet with big hands and stuff, that can be tricky on you. But you take an average-size man—six foot one, long, square nose—you're talking about an 85 percent accuracy rate. And then there's the age-old rule. You make out with him, he goes a hard-on, you check it out. And then if it's not there, you say, 'You know, I'm really not ready for this yet.'"

She rolls her eyes. "Oh, God, the next guy I go out with is going to be petrified when he leaves me. Oh, my God, he won't get a hard-on—he'll be petrified it won't be big enough for me. It's like when you talk about your old relationships with a new man and you say, 'Well, I got up with a lot of dirt because I liked fucking him,' and they say, 'Why? Why did you like fucking him? Why did he do it? And then they become all panicked about it. Men say that to us about another

woman, and we're not offended by it. I don't think. Well, what did she do? I think. Oh, yeah! Which this 'Women get competitive, and men get emasculated immediately.'"

As the Hopper exhibit, she creates the man's lonely loneliness, but unattracted women, like boydian men. She has a fairly naked eye when it comes to the picture, but, obligingly, she turns each one into a Korschach test.

She looks at a painting of a woman staring nostalgically out a picture window. "What's the story there, do you think?" she asks.

"Maybe she's expecting bad news about her family," Fiorrante asserts derisively. "She just found out her husband's been cheating on her."

She pauses in front of Hopper's picture of a woman sitting on a hotel bed, clutching a note, and turns to the man standing next to her. "What do you think is in the note?" she asks him. When he blanches, she says, "You don't care, you're just looking at her legs."

We stop at The Office, a portrait of a man in his desk, gazing out an upper-story window. "Well," she asks.

"I think he's about to go home to his baby wife and his two whiny kids."

"No way," Fiorrante says. "He's thinking about the blow job he got that morning and about how the had to go home to her husband afterward."

It's Bridget Gregory again, because, in fact, Linda Fiorrante is Bridget Gregory—not in the cartoonish, over-the-top way, but in her take-no-prisoners clarity about what she sees and what she wants and the often laughable distance between the two. It's why the Fiorrante persona makes men uncomfortable, why they leave the theater muttering that women aren't really capable of looking at men that way. Because, of course, they are.

But for those who prefer the standard female fable formula, which holds that due to the home of the bad girl is a good girl with a grievance, Linda Fiorrante offers this story.

His name was Steve. She was eight years old. He looks her best.

"He was my brother's best friend," she says. "He was the love of my life, and he never loved me. I became a basketball player because it was the only way to get close to him. I learned to play as well as the boys because I could be in the game with him and touch him and rub up against him."

One winter day, she heard him calling to her. "He said, 'Linda,' and I turned around and I thought, Oh, he and my aunt! And then he threw a snowball at me that hit me right in my very little, very flat breast, and I cried all day. I was crushed for life. I never came back from that experience. But I have an awesome corner jump shoe."

And Steve?

"I don't know," she says, raising her eyebrows briefly, putting her lips in a mock smile. "I think he's dead."

And then she smiles, a smile that says, "Isn't it pretty to think so?"

ARCHAIC DOUBT AND ANNOYANCE



THE AMERICAN PRESIDENT



MARTIN SHEEN

MICHAEL J. FOX

AT THEATERS SOON

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Cheers!

**By John
Mariani**

A pear in Provence:
At Vintaguer's, a divine first restaurant.

Gallic glory

Provence's wood-fired half-guinea with dill sauce, sliced by half-inch, marinated in the oil, with meat peppers.



WASHINGTON, D.C.

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW where I was happiest while compiling this year's report, it was at Provence. Part of it was the light and the color—warm, flickering candlelight dappled against butter-yellow whitewashed terra-cotta floors, stone walls, antique French chairs, and pots of flowers. I opened the menu and feared that I wanted to eat everything on it—and managed to make a pretty good dent.

Chef and owner Fernick Carr, who established himself as one of the great interpreters of nouvelle cuisine at Le Pavillon, has been so

Provence

3044 Pennsylvania Avenue NW
202 896-1366

generous grilling over a wood fire and gilded with dill sauce? He stuffs racks with braised rabbit and Swiss chard, then roasts goat cheese into a pool of tomato sauce. He does a classic brandade, a hefty potato purée with rose-

mary and anchovies, a glorious leg of lamb marinated in Syrah and served with meat peppers, a pheasant stew with figs and bay leaves, and peans poached in tarragon wine.

So I was very happy here, despite a little too much brandade, and assigned that if Carrone came to Provence, he'd feel right at home ordering his favorite meal—potatoes in olive oil—and fiddling with the fruit and vegetables until they looked just right.

HOUSTON

WHEN I GOT TO HOUSTON in Houston. And the bar of the season, Daily Review Cafe is about as good as Houston restaurants get. The square, one room dining area

and bar was converted from the former premises of The Daily Court Review, a structure that looks a lot like one of those craggy, angular desert buildings in Kinky Koi cartoons. Inside, the place is stripped to four walls, with shadowy

Daily Review Cafe

3412 West Lamar
713-534-8377

lighting, venetian blinds, and a loud air conditioner. The half expects to see Steve McQueen peering through the blinds, waiting for Al MacGraw to pull up in the growler car.

The bare bones of the place have a funky chic, but the constant traffic at the DRC is clearly due to Chase Bar's terrific food: creamy rich chicken poops with fennel, carrots, and celery and a perfect honey crust, roasting lamb stew with spinach, sage, carrots, and potatoes, grilled pork chops with potato bellows, green and applesauce, and dressing apple blueberry and pecan crisp with vanilla ice cream. As they say in Texas when they want to praise a chef generously, "The girl knows how to cook."

NEW ORLEANS

LAST TIME I WAS IN THE Kevan Graham, he was cooking very happy food at very high prices at the very elegant Grill Room of the very deluxe Winkler Court Hotel. He had sterling technique and brilliant ideas, but, supported by a bank budget, he was given no room for showing off for a decade but pay to pay \$35 for an entrée.

Now, without such beneficence behind him, Graham has reinvented his showmanship at the hip, intensely decorated French Quarter restaurant that bears his name, and the results are, I think, all to the good. Out went the fine grist and caviar and in came shrimp and crawfish quassidilla, Angus beef cooked slowly with roasted garlic, barbecued soft shell crabs, sautéed scallops with red onions and balsamic vinegar, and Graham's signature dish, braised duck with coffee and oranges (which now goes for just \$15). And his desserts are nonguarded in a city of great confections. Who else would think of—or could pull off—a dish such as grilled strawberries with lemon glaze? At Graham's, reinvent his recent focus, and focus has recent class, pure flowers in every dish.

ASPEN

WHEN I GOT TO ASPEN in Aspen. And the bar of the season, Daily Review Cafe is about as good as Aspen restaurants get. The square, one room dining area

and bar was converted from the former premises of The Daily Court Review, a structure that looks a lot like one of those craggy, angular desert buildings in Kinky Koi cartoons. Inside, the place is stripped to four walls, with shadowy

lighting, venetian blinds, and a loud air conditioner. The half expects to see Steve McQueen peering through the blinds, waiting for Al MacGraw to pull up in the growler car.

transpired by Colossal pizzas and grills. Campo de Fiori (named after Rome's liveliest market piazza) is a true family style trattoria, cramped but convivial, with slender Italian women weighing their way through the maze of tables while balancing morning plates of pasta. The aroma of roast quail and sautéed sea urchins sits the moment, and, Giuseppe tries to find a seat for a British actor and his new girlfriend, and Luigi nods his head out of the kitchen to see whether everyone is happy. It's a good thing the cellist-free crowd is so slim, or they'd never fit into the place.

Start off with an array of antipasto or a carpaccio of salmon, then order one of the hearty pastas—maybe rigatoni with shred sausage and peppery tomato sauce—or mozzarella with porcini and truffle oil, then share a box of these quick-wash polenta or the perfectly grilled mutton diablo with olive oil. Have some business with a drink, among espresso, rum, a grappa, and you'll have never dreamed of black diamonds and megawatts and a girl you once loved in Rome.

LOS ANGELES

WHEN I GOT TO LOS ANGELES in Los Angeles. And the bar of the season, Daily Review Cafe is about as good as Los Angeles restaurants get. The square, one room dining area

and bar was converted from the former premises of The Daily Court Review, a structure that looks a lot like one of those craggy, angular desert buildings in Kinky Koi cartoons. Inside, the place is stripped to four walls, with shadowy lighting, venetian blinds, and a loud air conditioner. The half expects to see Steve McQueen peering through the blinds, waiting for Al MacGraw to pull up in the growler car.

Fenix

8388 Sunset Boulevard
310-448-6677

stayed nothing but his patients with low gas, soufflés, and mochi. He could well make you weep with pleasure. This dish is one of those epiphanies that show how a chef who is very sure of himself can make simple but brilliant use of the most common and most expensive ingredients to produce something you couldn't imagine could ever taste so good. As soon as you finish, you want more.

And there is more: soft-shell crabs with mushroom garlic sauce, perfect stack of lamb with port and green peppercorns, three-almond strudel with cherry chorizo, and look, look, mascarpone soufflé. It's no wonder that Frank, at first, is considered a great old master of French-California cuisine. He was the first chef at the midwintery Michael's in Santa Monica, then ran his own place, La Tapa, for three years. Now, in this restaurant dining room overlooking the L.A. skyline, he is doing his best work yet—a lovely coincidence of traditional French richness and higher California ideas. Best way to appreciate Fenix: Go with Frank's best-course, egg testing menu.

CHEF'S TO KEEP YOUR EYE ON



Christopher Pym,
de Green Room,
Dallas
Diane Seibert,
Cherry Lodge,
Indianapolis, Florida
Lisa Regatta,
Baltimore,
New York



Chis anchor in L. At La Cachette, Lita Usher and Joe Frangione, co-owners, and the crowd. 4 La Cachette.



LA CACHETTE some may still be in the doldrums, but you'd never know it from the chic crowd that packs La Cachette afternoon and evening. The masses are not difficult to understand: Joe-Frangione Mc-singer built a considerable following for his busy Mediterranean cuisine while he was chef at Cicada and before that at L'Chargé, and his beautiful co-owner, Lita Usher, knows how to pump a clientele that

includes Hollywood's biggest stars and studio heads while maintaining an admirable seriousness about La Cachette's reputation to be the best French restaurant in the city.

At this writing, I think it is Mingus's knowledge and obvious passion for Provencal

La Cachette

1658 Santa Monica
Beverly Hills
310-479-0882

shrimp roasts with lobster cocktail and crispy carrots, from roast leg of lamb with asparagus and garlic potatoes to duck both sautéed and braised with honey-ginger and orange, and from lemon

pancakes that turn to molten chocolate soufflé. With an airy cream-colored wall, impressionistic paintings, and ship-shaped chandeliers, this is as pretty a dining room as you'll find in town, and it is certainly the most exuberant which restaurant to open in Los Angeles in quite some time.

BOSTON

WHEN YOU TAKE your first morsel of Jody Adams's thematic feast of Marchego cheese and woody mushrooms with sweet Rose pearls and gams past, a faithful of her laugha of fine gem and cream, or a spoonful of her flamed pear salad, you may view in our every meal while you're in Boston as Bosh. Rarely have I found a chef whose every dish seems so carefully thought out as to provide the ultimate degree of sensual delectation. Some chefs copy others, some improvise on others, but very few create a cuisine that seems so wholly personalized as Adams's. And if you ever meet her and listen to her talk about ingredients and how she came up with an idea and how she feels linked to the women who created the food culture of the Mediterranean over the centuries, you will understand why her food tastes so authentic and nurturing. With Adams in the kitchen, partners Michele Lamon and Christopher Myers have fashioned a restaurant with the ambience of an elegant and romantic living room, with comfortable sofa-like booths and glowing floor lamps, because, says Myers, "most sex begins in the living room, doesn't it?"

IT'S VERY CHARMING, "a little cybernetic, it's a substitute for the real thing, but you sure can arouse some pretty interesting stuff. It's also a form of

Rialto

1 Bennett Street
Cambridge
617-653-5868



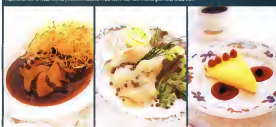
"It was the Havana of famous writers, silver daiquiris and Partagas' cigars."

In an era when Havana was where the whole world wanted to be, Ramon Galiano never wanted to be anywhere else. "Havana was a happy city," says Ramon. "And Partagas was its favorite cigar." Yet today, more than three decades after Ramon died in the Dominican Republic, his Partagas cigars are flourishing more than ever. After all, they are the only cigars that are still made by the same man who made them long ago in Havana. And that is why every Partagas has the authentic taste of a golden age gone by.

PARTAGAS

The cigar that knew Cuba when.

Hollywood Mediterranean La Cachette's duck, sautéed, and broiled with leeks, ginger and orange, sautéed with fish and 4 with warm potatoes, lemon, and olive oil, and from gams past.



TOP: FRANGIONE; MIDDLE: Usher; BOTTOM: JODIE WELLS

For Cigar News and Features, visit <http://cigarworld.com> on the Internet.

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HOT STUFF



Butternut-
squash
roasted

Shaved
parmesan

Crème not pure

White-wine oil

Stag-dried cherries

Sea urchins

Honey-mustard crust

Veggie

Dessert soup

Asahi beans

Best results

Red-head fly

culinary habits. Chefs believe they can create new fusions simply by combining ingredients without thinking an idea. Let's take a stab at the staff's downright poetic, but when it's done right, as Tony Ambrosia does it at Ambrosia on Huntington, fusion cuisine can be a series of disparate ingredients synthesized into something sublime.

When Ambrosia was chef at the Hampton Hotel, I thought many of his concoctions were over the top, but here, in a roomy space that mixes postmodern angularity and wriggling ironwork with sweet Provencal touches, he is turning out amazing and more food that blends little recombines to anything anyone else is better is doing. Black-pearl macris with caviar; yellowfin snail with green-onion noodles, a "marini" of lobster ambrosia with Shish-oo-asee sauce and cellophane noodles; and Indonesian prawns with spring roll and misfired curry—all of it stacked and served on a lettuce chase to suggest a Jane Jeon dinner party.

Ambrosia on Huntington

114 Huntington Avenue
617-467-2100

LAKE BUENA VISTA, FLORIDA

WHILE IT'S EASY TO SAY "fusion" is wanted (last year ABC, a hit with *Frasier*), a small profit from Euro Disney, and a first-time restaurant in Disney World. Speculation is a word only applied to any number of WWF restaurants, but it usually refers to such Hollywood fantasies as the Diamond Horseshoe. Jamboree, which is the Magic Kingdom. With the opening of California Grill, however, Disney and Slater have a restaurant that would be spectacular in any level—not just for its art-deco design, its penthouse setting, and its dazzling open kitchen, around which the dining room is spread, but for chef Clifford Moss's stunning food.

Moss, whose work at Chicago's Le Cellier impressed me with its French refinement, has applied the same finesse to California-style dishes such as halibut salmon with a black olive cream and lime; grain, spicy scallop-and-tomato soup; beet with Salsiccia, time grain and a misfired plate, and wood-broiled brat with almond baccotti. Berry-things—brat, pasta, ice cream—is made on the premises and manager George Milosin has obtained exclusive rights to a remarkable array of top California wineries' finest bottles in magnets for service by the glass.

Up front, there's a sushi bar and a Blade mobile counter set right in front of the chef's station line. Then the bar lounge, you can watch the nightly fireworks over Lake Buena Vista. California Grill is not just one of the best restaurants in Florida; it's a place from which American restaurants will surely learn ideas.

NASHVILLE

NASHVILLE ISN'T JUST THE restaurant's a deserves, and so is the Heritage Suite Hotel which reopened this spring with a complete renovation that respects its bones and beauty while modernizing everything else. Capital Grill also strikes a fine balance between the nostalgic traditionalism of the old Club Bar and the bright new look of the dining room, with its Mediterranean grates, moody banquettes, and modern lighting. The old stage (where Dr. Nash Shore got her start as a band singer) was removed, and two gin was dining rooms.

Capitol Grill

211 Sixth Avenue North
615-254-2121

which the Tennessee legislature have pretty much skipped for three more general closed-door sessions, were added. Thank God no one dared alter the famous green tiled roof.

From the minute the place opened this summer, it's been packed. Chef Guillermo Thomas brings a refreshing modernism to a town whose restaurants are known more for their wanking Conservatism. His menu-onion cream soup is an instant classic, and his spicy crawfish salad with crunchy wontons, crisp potatoes with griddled chicken and wild-mushroom ragout, and amazingly rich marinated pork breast poaching with Salsiccia Corriente sauce demonstrate a caring ability to update southern culinary traditions with savvy new ideas.

BOCA RATON, FLORIDA

CLIFFORD MOSS'S Solomon Montemoros built a restaurant of his own, since moving to Florida in 1971 from Philadelphia, where he owned the transcending nouvelle-cuisine restaurant, Degré-Vu. He's had his ups and downs, including an unhappy stint as a corporate chef. But now he's thrown every thing he's got into a small, pretty dining room on the edge of Boca where he can show off his talent for imaginative cooking. The name of the place, echoed in the numerous paintings and sculptures of Italian past, embodies the eternally

Angelique

614 North
Dixie Highway
407-366-7270

imaginative cooking. The name of the place, echoed in the numerous paintings and sculptures of Italian past, embodies the eternally

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A LEGENDARY LIQUEUR.



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No, there are no pretensions about Verbena. The owner designs it around and around, with dramatic references to the herbs. Forley uses to such great effect in her food: bannocks, squash ravioli flavored with roasted onions and eggs, duck poached in tea with wild rose, sun-driest, and gooseberries, foie gras with salty crostons and braised baby beets, grilled Spanish mackerel with dandelion greens, gazpacho with olives, blood-red peas, and Swiss chard, and creamy desserts made with herb fruits that seem about to burst in your mouth.

In good weather, you might share a table on the patio out back and finish your meal with a glass of port as you watch a crescent moon curve over the Manhattan skyline.

UPPER EAST SIDE VERBENA has a showpiece at Ethan Allen Innkeepers but the sedate-looking dining room, with its striped banquettes and a romantic nook in the rear, is actually intended to allow some of New York's best-dressed men and women, and a nightly parade of celebrities, to provide the local color. Chef and owner Charles Palmer, who also owns the posh midtown luxury-casino establishment Alcade and a dry-cleaning business here named Alva, wanted something in-between—a place casual enough to attract a regular Upper East Side crowd but serious enough to be a gourmet destination. Together with one of New York's most gracious maître d's, partner Tracy Fiorina, Palmer has succeeded admirably. Nowhere else in this city neighborhood—that is, north of Le Cirque—will you find food of this caliber in an ambience both sophisticated and unpretentious.

Palmer's strong suit has always been his presence, and I can't recall having tasted more perfectly cooked, juicier roast pork loin, here glazed with balsamic vinegar. His casserole of soups and white beans is a paragon of complementary textures, as are the exquisitely crisp sweet-salt shell crabs in brown butter. Just when you think you've tasted everything, he comes up with a great idea for macarphone mousses with a crisp almond croquette affair in pear sauce. It is beautiful food, served by a genuinely affable staff—and, with most meals about \$20, this is a very good buy in a very dear neck of the woods.

UPON ENTERING ALVA (pronounced Alva) in New York's Flatiron District, I thought I'd stumbled into the Addams Family Restaurant. The jumble of colored-glass screens, varicolored Persian carpets, Shaker-style chairs, overstuffed sofas, stained-glass windows, exposed or-concealing ducts, and an enormous

light-truck Manhattan has always demonstrated, and his seasons and reductions are ideal for Boca's tropical heat. This is clearly a niche restaurant, because the town has few dining rooms serving food of this quality, and Angélique draws the kind of visitor who's looking for more than mere crabs and chateaufort.

Manhattan was one of the first in this country to combine Eastern and Western flavors, and he's a master of the genre, as evidenced by his superb season-enriched dolphin (note to PETA: not the mammal) with wasabi, ginger, peppers, and tomato sauce, or his pork medallions with cinnamon, rum, lime and crisp plantains. His "saute (frangant)" is a French crepe stuffed with tuna and Asian vegetables, and his rendition of a Florida Key lime pie is a light, French-style lime tart with lemon-lime ice cream.

NEW YORK

DEAR, BE IT A LITTLE TASTE with Diane Forley, the chef and owner of Verbena. But, as I told my wife, it's not her youthful, dark-eyed beauty or her shy way. It's just that the woman is an up-and-coming cook whose little northwest Manhattan seems a throwback to a time when streets were named after Washington, Irving, and O. Henry, who lived across the street at number 55, was wearing "Gals of the Map" at Rex's Tavern on the next corner. The neighborhood, just off Greenwich Park, still has this genteel feeling, and it has adopted Verbena as its own.

Verbena

54 Irving Place
212-698-5454

Fine and mellow: Diane Forley, chef and owner of Verbena, and her dining room, her job: top with only crabs and braised baby beets.

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PROFUMI



**CHEF'S
TO KEEP
YOUR
EYE ON**



**Smart
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Filly Stern
Filly Stern
New York

Eve Gussak
El Murolo
San Antonio

Lil Stinson
Dante's Eden
Orland, California

Mike Leggett
The Rabbit
Miami Beach

character make it look as if everything were being sold on consignment. But after tasting the first course of Gary Robins's astonishing food, I just closed my eyes and kept eating.

Of course, a lot of people, including the editor of this piece, think Aja's design is just ducky. But it's somehow more as pulled together as the meeting of East and West in Robins's dinner five spice grilled squid with caramelized onions. Kaffir lime, and Thai styles steamed red snapper with grilled shrimps, Chinese broccoli, black beans, and ginger, and grilled neck of lamb rubbed with Indian spices and accompanied by coconut chutney and potato-chile samosa. His Cantonese-style desserts—such as coconut rice in banana leaves with tropical fruit, peanuts, and mango syrup—are fun and fabulous.

Though the food may sound as contrived as the decor, Robins brings it all off with taste and plenty of sparkle. Let me know what you think of Aja's look, but don't miss a chance to eat here when you get to town.

SAN FRANCISCO

IT WAS A WEDNESDAY New York time when I staggered into Scala's Bistro at nine o'clock, and I was sorely in need of a drink and the kind of food that can keep you up at bay for a few hours. A pretty, congenial hostess who easily gauged my fatigue ushered me to a noisy booth, where I relished an excellent Italian bread while the regatta took hold. By then, I was marvelling at the sheer cosmopolitanism of Dorcas

**Scala's
Bistro**

431 Powell Street
415-398-6335

and Giovanni Scala's new restaurant, an errand-sweeping space done up in deep hues of gold and brown, with culinary masterpieces entrees, pretty Mediterranean sides, and a fiery open kitchen that gave off the roasting aromas of roan chickens, lamb, and pork.

I tucked into a fine, bubbly pizza with a perfect crust and a plate of sauced meatballs doused with wild mushrooms and cheese, moved on to an extraordinary pasta with fresh peas, spring lamb, roasted peppers, and more, couldn't resist a taste of that roast chicken, and topped up every last bit of dark vodka with just tomato and potato pasta—also accompanied by a fine bottle of Barberesco. I stripped out into the cool, wet San Francisco air and felt like a walk-on back.

SCALA'S RESTAURANT in San Francisco this year won its eagerly awaited at Hawthorne

Lane, and from the minute it opened, it was one of those places everybody had to go. The hubbub swirls around Anne and David Gargano, whose five-year stint as chefs at Wolfgang Puck's Pizzeria bow-tie map and presence to the San Francisco dining scene. So their own place was the subject of local anticipation. Could they replicate Puck's success?

Perhaps to deliberate answer to the "Tide-mounter look and Puck-measure spirit of Pizzeria, Hawthorne Lane has a soft sweetness, with the luminance of a modern museum gallery and stretched-steel grids that remind you of David Smith sculptures. So, too, the Gargano's of food, while containing plenty of outrageous dishes, is stripped of extraneous ingredients and backs away from Puck's dishes of East-West elements. Their menu stresses simplicity and intensity over novelty. They do an exclaiming sweet pea soup with fried scallions and Dungeness crab, a succulent petite sole with lobster hash and tomato-chive sauce, squash blossom fritters plumped with Gorgonzola, brown-sage lemongrass with cherries and vanilla custard, and sweet ripe peaches with peach-chutney marmade and sautéed sauce—all proving there is life after Puck.

**PORT CHESTER,
NEW YORK**

THE MORE THE CALIFORNIA UNITED of every Italian restaurant with a deluxe restaurant, and you'll inevitably find a man who, deep down, dreams of running a simple little trattoria where his mother would be happy to eat. That was what Tony May, who owns San Domenico in New York, had in mind when he opened his Hostaria.

**Tony May's
Hostaria**

25 South Saginaw Street
516-889-8237

in suburban Port Chester—although the way things turned out, the expensive dining room and bar is not exactly what anyone would call a simple little family trattoria. The interior, with its cream-colored walls, dark woods, and mural depicting the Hostaria throughout history, is reminiscent of grand restaurant spaces like Pippinella in Bologna. It has a superb garden for outdoor like Puck in Milan, and, being just forty minutes from Manhattan, it is worthy of a detour as a Del Peschiere outside Miami.

If you want a lesson on how pizza should be made, the Neapolitan pizzone at the Hostaria will enlighten you. If you want



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THERE'S ONLY ONE



Miami Beach makeover
Nemo's kitchen bar and dining room, girls-and-boys-come-here Italian milk with lobster tails, and a variety of appetizers, curried lamb steaks with "rock shrimp."

to know how a true Italian alla Fiorentina, Tuscan bean soup, *Alvone spaghetti alla diavola*, or rabbit stew with polenta should taste, this is the place to find out. Even the tiny meatballs are what Romano intended: meatballs to be, and the exceptional gelato and panacotta are paragons of Italian dainties making

MIAMI

IF YOU'RE COMING DOWN TO eat at Nemo, check the place out. The more you look, the more you'll see. This convenience of the landmark Nemo Hotel, which opened in 1995, into the hottest new spot on Miami Beach has an ingenious design tied to chef and co-owner Michael Schwartz's organic-based cuisine. The bar is shimmering hammered copper surrounded by an ornate roof that includes lighting fixtures with actual eggs in them and ornate "skin" on walls and varices.

The kitchen is completely open, and the dining room, and a blast of free light into the room. Jeweled lamps are inlaid along the azure ceiling to change the mood of the room; table coverings are burlap with woven-paper overlays, and food comes on a variety of containers. Outdoors is a rustic patio centered on a hundred-year-old papyrus plant tree.

Schwartz's food fits neatly into this fantasy, with dishes such as wild-herb salmon with sautéed purple pea seeds and soy lime vinaigrette, garlic-milled white bean rigout with broccoli

tube, curried lentil stew with roast onions, and white-chocolate and black-pepper sausage with burnt-onion sauce. Nemo, which is misspelled backward, may well be the shape of things to come in a town where fade fade fades faster than a good sundown.

AS ALL BUT THE OBVIOUS know, the action on Miami Beach has moved off Ocean Drive further into Washington Avenue, where Deniro Max has set his sizzling new restaurant. Since opening last winter, the place hasn't had many empty seats, partly because of the sexy neon lighted bar, which draws a well-heeled crowd and more than a few visiting celebrities. There's always a wait, but lingering there is pretty easy on the eyes.

Once you do get a table (try to get one of the burgundy banquettes), you must choose from a menu that hits all the right buttons. Chef Kerry Simon has built a formidable reputation in town for his ability to make even meat loaf and mashed potatoes a best seller. His flavors explode on the palate: parmesan broth with grilled asparagus, juicy pork loin with sweet-potato hash and spiced apples, and smoky tin-drum salmon with mango chutney black beans and caper onion rings. Don't bother to call ahead; just drop in, hang out, eat well, and come back tomorrow night to see who's come by.

Max's South Beach

764 Washington Avenue
305-522-0033

DENVER

IF YOU'RE COMING DOWN to Mel's Bar and Grill, a small, museum of recent American gastro-culture in the eyes of Melvyn and Jane Master owned, with Blair Taylor, one of the first rose-ville restaurants in the West (Dudley's in Denver), went on in the 1980s to bring the first California restaurant to New York (Juni), established a thriving wine-importing business, caught, with Taylor, the Italian wave with Denver's first serious Italian restaurant (Barolo), and again at Mel's Bar and Grill they've gathered together all those influences and styles in a dining room decked out with photos and menus from Paul Bocuse, Wolfgang Puck, Paul Prudhomme, Alice Waters, and others who have created and inspired modern American cuisine.

The name is a little deceptive; this isn't a no-shots-and-beer hash house. It is a strikingly pretty, with easy slopes, bright colors, and

Mel's Bar and Grill

255 Fillmore Street
303-533-9979



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**CHEFS
TO KEEP
YOUR
EYE ON**



Andrew Roche,
de Williams,
Washington, D.C.

Robert Waggoner,
de Wild Boar,
Nashville

Philippe Schmitt,
La Goulue,
New York

Mark Leonard,
Grenou,
San Francisco

thanks to Jingo, an atmosphere in which women who enjoy dressing for lunch look and feel fabulous. But "her and girl" is Melvyn's way of letting you know that the place isn't stuffy or fancy and that chef Chris Fallone's food is full of vibrant flavors fit for the most demanding gourmand. There's meat and with olive-stuffed roasted potatoes, seasonally good Mediterranean fish, creamy saffron risotto with braised lamb shank and low beans, lovely bright shrimp with fennel and orange, and masculine dinners such as apple-and-rhubarb crisp with vanilla ice cream—all of a scorecard used by Mills' impeccably chosen wine list of French country wines fit under any.

ATLANTA

THE PROBLEM WITH MOST "Southwestern" restaurants opened in recent years is that their conceptions have little grounding in

the culinary heritage of the region and rely far too much on "Tex-Mex" cliché. But Kevin Backlund, who won the chef at Baby Ranch in

Dallas, has a mastery of the powerful ingredients and seasonings of the Southwest and applies them in ways that never seem contrived. Now-named for an Indian pueblo—is the ideal setting for Backlund's talents. The bright red, pink, and violet desert colors and the curving, adobe-like walls and wood beams put you in mind of Santa Fe, not Backlund, and there is close attention to detail, right down to the door handles and Indian folk art.

You might begin with the simple flavors of salmon cured with tepalcotl and served with a jalapeño crepe fritoche or come right out of the chute with an array of appetizers: green-chile goat tacos, charred shrimp posole, steaks with grilled tomato oil or black bean cake with *per de galle*. All go well with the dynamic margaritas. The entrees are massively proportioned and meant to be shared: an irresistible chipotle barbecue-beef tri-tada, corn-on-croissant snapper with southwestern whipped potatoes, and a pork carnita quesadilla. Desserts range from a Mexican apple-pie crêche with cinnamon ice cream to a warm chocolate mousse cake with a sour cream ice cream tart on the side.

ATLANTA HAS ONE OTHER CITY has seen its share of Italian knockoff restaurants, but none has yet seen anything quite like Villa Christina. For one thing, this enormous villa is set on eight acres of rolling hills landscaped to resemble a Tuscan estate with gardens, streams, and stone bridges. For another, the owners have dreamed up a cocktail story about a downed

key pilot and an Italian countess who married him. After the war, they ended in the U.S., where his American studies and her Tuscan cooking made them the darlings of Atlanta society. Whimsy? However fanciful the tale, the result is an Italian steak house of daunting proportions.

**Villa
Christina**

160 Peachtree Summit
Boulevard
404-363-0123

The sleek bar brings out the glamorous side of even the most conservative Atlanta women, and the romantic Prime steaks and chops draw a posse of big guys for whom a twenty-four-ounce porterhouse presents a noticeable challenge to the appetite. Couples tend to commiserate the banquettes, order a bottle of Dom Perignon, and feast on wonderful dishes such as risotto with slices of rare tuna, agnolotti stuffed with sausage and cabbage, black-pepper linguine with clams and white wine, and meat duct with a honey-hamilton glass. Many of them finish off with a delectable chocolate canvas with pistachio cream.

PROVIDENCE

PROVIDENCE HAS GAINED a formidable reputation as a restaurant city, both for its excellent seafood and for the burgeoning arrival of generations of immigrants who have seasoned the food here. Yet this city, despite having a remarkable number of excellent casual, moderately priced restaurants—Al Forno, the Blueprints, L'Eggsommo, the Gatehouse, New River—has lacked until now a sophisticated fine dining room. Agora,

Agora

1 West Exchange Street
401-458-8811

in the new Westin Hotel adjacent to the convention center, fills the niche. There's a grandeur about Agora's barrel-vaulted gold ceiling, overstuffed leather chairs, and white-marble-topped bar—yet with only seventy-five seats and rich red and mahogany colors, the long dining room has the intimacy of a fine New England home.

The menu is a straightforward showcase for the region's seafood, and chef Corey Biles twenty-eight, is certainly the man for the job. He adds dimension to the flavors of a New England fish chowder with black truffles. He marinates yellowfin tuna in mint, then grills it with mint peaches and ricotta. And he'll allow local sea scallops to soak up the flavor of black olives, then serve them with mussels, tomatoes, and squash. To end the meal, indulge in his trio of chocolate desserts. The four-course dinner is a steal at \$30, and Agora's wine list is already one of the most extensive in the city.



MICKY AND THE GREAT OUTDOORS



PROVIDENCE AT THE
WESTIN HOTEL

Montrie

401 Gail Pringall, 409-649-0086

MONTRIE is a restaurant in every way when it comes to California restaurants. Its food, service, wine list, and decor exemplify all the virtues (with none of the excesses) that have made the state's food culture and lifestyle so remarkable. The ownership with local ingredients, the infusion with color, the dedication of inside and guests, the assurance that there will should be casual and fun, and the pride in the state's voluptuous wines—Montrie is the distillation of all these passions, and it seduces you with them and the natural beauty of the Pacific coastline. Even the name, which awkwardly alludes to Montezuma and to the old owner, some Californians, as does a diner that encompasses back walls, pillars with copper capitals, leather banquettes, wooden chairs, funny-looking round buffers that look like floating marshmallows, coral potstoves, and a vending machine—all in the shell of a historic firehouse.

In this heightened stragg, you'll find a cuisine California cannot prepare by one of America's finest chefs. It was Montrie's loss when Brian Whitmer left Montrie to turn the Highlands Inn in Carmel into a dining room with a national reputation. Here, in his own place, Whitmer is cooking with what the Eagles



called that "powerful, dry feeling." Sometimes it's so clear when a chef loves his own food a menu of over 100 dishes from just up the road in Carmel, a salad of incredibly salty field greens with warm bacon, and Roquerfort, a sauce of capers, most peppers, and goat cheese, roasted chicken with a crispy brown skin and

gloriously succulent meat within, a cannole with raspberry coulis, and lemon scented angel food cake with vanilla's strawberries and shavings. And the wine list has been carefully culled from the best California vineyards.

Montrie is nothing novel and does little that others have not pioneered. Yet it is as fresh as a wind off the ocean, with its own vigorous tang, as evident in the Beach Boys, as good as it gets.

Montrie is *Esquire's* choice as Restaurant of the Year. ■



Wine in the hands of a chef
Whitmer and Montrie's wine selection is a mix of vintage (top right), and restaurant classics with modern garnishes.



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HAIR

Finally... The Truth About Hair Transplants

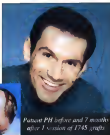
The latest advances in hair transplant techniques make it possible for us to complete most, if not all, of your work in only one session.

The old "pluggy" look associated with hair transplantation is a thing of the past. The fact is modern hair transplant physicians know the importance of using grafts containing one, two, or three hairs to create a natural hairline. But how many procedures will you need? Many doctors are still telling patients they must come back again and again for procedures of 100 or 200 grafts at a time. At the New Hair Institute, we pioneered the **Fast-Track™** technique where we can transplant **thousands** of individual grafts in a single session. This means we can perform a complete restoration in only one or two office procedures. Today, we do as many as **3500 grafts per session**. A hair restoration of this size would involve up to 40 surgeries using the old techniques.

Take a look at patient PH in the photos above. Before his 1986 session he had the look of a balding man. Then, after only one session of 1745 grafts, he was on his way, the larger photo shows him 7 months after the one procedure.

At the New Hair Institute, we are proud of the work we do and the innovations we have introduced to the hair transplant field. We realize, however, that the patient is our most important judge. That's why we encourage you to do your homework. We believe you have a right to ask questions, to see real patient results, and, most importantly, to be given a realistic assessment of what you can expect from a hair transplant procedure.

Our education program is simple and straightforward. We offer you three informative books on hair, balding, and today's options for hair transplantation and other hair restoration methods. We provide you with a free video so you can see our results and learn about the actual procedure. For more detailed information, and the chance to see patients up close, we conduct free seminars across the nation. These seminars are a great way to meet doctors, have questions answered, and see several patients in different stages of the hair restoration process. Most importantly, we provide prospective patients with a private consultation in our offices with the doctor. Only a qualified doctor can tell you exactly what you need, and that's why, at the New Hair Institute, you won't meet with any hair talking salesman. After a brief introduction, you will meet with the doctor for a personal assessment of your needs.



Patient PH before and 7 months after 1 session of 1745 grafts

Frequently Asked Questions About Hair Transplants.

Q. How do I know if I'm a candidate for hair transplantation?

A. The only way to know for certain is to meet with a doctor who specializes in hair transplantation, but it's safe to say that the majority of men who suffer from male pattern baldness are candidates for this procedure.

Q. Why will the transplanted hair grow in the same areas where the old hair died?

A. It is important to understand that there is nothing wrong with the scalp in the balding areas. It's the actual hair follicles which were genetically programmed to die. The hairs on the back of your head are "permanent" hairs and will grow for the rest of your life in the new location.

Q. I've talked with several hair transplant doctors, and their techniques all vary. How do I know which doctor to choose?

- We suggest you always look for:
 1. A doctor who specializes in hair transplant procedures full time.
 2. A doctor who uses the smallest grafts possible (1-3 hairs).
 3. A doctor who can complete the restoration in the fewest number of procedures, by placing large numbers of tiny grafts in each procedure. It should require no more than 1 or 2 visits.
 4. A doctor who is willing and proud to introduce you to his patients, who are, in turn, proud to be seen.
 5. A Medical Group that is a recognized leader in the state of the art techniques.

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because of "bargain prices." Like any purchase, with diamonds, you get what you pay for. Your guide to quality and value is a combination of four characteristics called "the 4 C's." They are: *Color*—not the same as shape, but refers to the way the facets or flat surfaces are angled. A better cut offers more brilliance; *Clarity*—actually, close to no color is best; *Cut*—the fewer natural marks or "inclusions" the better; *Carat weight*—the larger the diamond, usually the more rare.

Appraisal—ask for a certificate. Ask questions. Ask friends who've gone through it. Ask the jeweler you choose why two diamonds that look the same are priced differently. You want someone you can trust. Avoid Joe's Matress & Diamond Discounts.

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The new New York look. Greg Kinnear in sheep's clothing. Camel ride.

On Fashion: Woody Hochstetler

Straight and Narrow

WHAT LOOKS COOL on the runway is the new slim style: skinny trousers and fitted shirts. Tight and sexy. At least this is the message in recent fashion shows for both men and women. It's a young look, surely.

But if you think in terms of, say, David Niven in the sixties, with a pastel silk jacket, polo shirt, slim off-white trousers, and polished black loafers, no socks, you've got it. (He was

no kid then, either.) There is a little bit of the French Riviera in the fashion air, and interestingly, it is the younger designers who are breathing it. New York's flourishing men's-wear avant-garde is a cigarette pants, loafers, and striped-sport-shirt crowd. Maybe they should be called

the neo-garde, but it is encouraging that a group of younger designers are making an impact in the men's-wear field. These include John Bartle, Matthew Siman, Gene Meyer, Robert Finkel, Austin Zang, and the design team known as Richard Edwards (Richard Benjamin

and Edward Finkel). Turning to the computer age, Bartle featured "The man in the gray flannel space suit," with double-breasted styles just right for videocamouflaging Meyer, who is known for his chat-up-art men, showed a clever collection



Revival of the fittest: Slim trousers and fitted shirts by, from left, John Bartle, Richard Edwards, Matthew Siman, and Austin Zang. Right: John's wrap-waisted neo-fashion suit





Glamour dressing: Fine tailoring defines Ralph Lauren's Purple Label suit, left, and Richard Tyler's pink lapel-topped sweater jacket.

of colorful sportswear, including vivid band golf clothes. (The models wore spikes.) Fredin's collection had broad-looking, masculine men in biker leathers, wearing camogie belts, brandishing knives, and smoking. Candelas' heterosexual version of gay camp. Zang, Berman, and Richard Edwards all had versions of



Golf bags: Clothes by Oscar Meyer.

the same, slim look that is sweeping men's fashion. But the collection that most successfully captures the current mood is by Cohen Klein, who knows how to make edge fashion wearable. He touched a new level of sophistication with his spring 1996 presentation in New York. Klein has retooled his suits, giving the jacket a higher, bigger shoulder and a wrap waist. His coolest suits are single-breasted with one button placed low. If you want to look tall and slim, and a little bit alternative, this is the way to go. The most interesting thing about his clothes is the clever juxtaposing of totally natural fabrics with over-the-top, man-made fabrics: raw, undyed canvas and reindeer—or lurex—marl-cotton rain coats, for instance. The fabrics have the look of smoked glass and polished metal—quite amazing, actually.

Richard Tyler's men's wear com-

poses precise tailoring with strong lines of fashion. For spring, this includes his form-fitting suits in striped wools as well as manly sports wear like slim-fitting "bomber" pants and stretch-denim shirts. He's in the states luxury sport clothes groove, with aqua lace body shirts and bold striped V-necks, but he also makes sure that sport is mainstreamed: a single-breasted, pink, asymmetrical jacket with peaked lapels or a lavender shirting shirt cut with throat collar. Everything in his collection is very fitted.

For truly sophisticated clothes the apex is Ralph Lauren's new hand-tailored size collection, which he calls Purple Label. These suits, made in England, have broad shoulders and very tapered waists but are aimed more at the baby mogul than the cyberpunk. They include classic blues and blacks and a beautiful black and white mismatched double-breasted fur and underlined glamour. The idea is to look masculine. Lauren compares to make-

classic, rather than—contrasted—those past-herring bones, double-breasted padded, asymmetrical—under his Polo label, for when you just want to look real nice.

Tommy Hilfiger, bidding fair to become a main player in the men's-fashion game, unleashed a wild collection that covered the gamut from machine classics, like structured, androgynous, and grey business suits, to hip-hop street looks—logos, windbreakers, oversize warm-up pants, and even jackets. Somehow it worked, reflecting his elegance following among both prepsters and homeboys. ■



Two sides to Tommy: Hilfiger's poppy look, above, contrasts with his street-driven sport clothes.



A wiseguy
warms up to
fall's versatile
sweaters and
becomes a
leading man

Knit Picking with Greg Kinnear

Photographs by
Diego Uchitel

PRODUCED BY JOHN MATHER

SWEATER WAYS
T-shirt, all the patterns
and sweater and
cotton shirt by CE
Gavin Klein.
Sweater-Turtleneck
and knit, wool
sweater-vest, and
wool-knit polo
sweater by Tommy
Hilf; made leaders
by J.P. Taffa.


HENRY WILSON'S 1949 song about
sarcasm in folk song is the spirit
of today's folk singer. It's
in his personality and his
in his personality and his
in his personality and his
in his personality and his
in his personality and his
in his personality and his
in his personality and his

The first truly successful career
of a folk singer who made it his job to
be a folk singer. He's a folk singer.
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FLAME LOVE
Guitarist Perry Ellis
wears a dark, textured
sweater, and
wears a dark, textured
sweater, and
wears a dark, textured
sweater, and



"I've never mapped out a particular career. Things just happened."

CASUAL FLAIR

French wool-and-silk sweater by Jovoy; wool-knit polo sweater by Joseph Abboud.

Apocrytic Collared wool cardigan sweater and wool-knit trousers by Cromagnon; baggy, wide-leggers by Mark Pappas.

For more information see page 126.

STYLING: JEFFREY MAYER; HAIR: JEFFREY MAYER; MAKEUP: JEFFREY MAYER



Style Guide
 Cotton-blend pants
 by Fabrice Luchini; ribbed
 cotton turtleneck by
 Double RL; by Ralph
 Lauren; boots by Thomsen
 Group; Opposite: Cotton
 jacket by Armani; turtleneck
 by Dainoff; cotton shirt by Dainoff;
 pants by Agnès b.; suit
 by Guccio



Camel's Back

The soft, swank look of camel gets more of an edge
 for fall as designers update the classics

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MELODIE McDANIEL

Chapel Cool

Fly front-closure Chanel car coat by Helmut Lang; cotton-shirt by Chanel; stretch-cotton pajama-like pants by Prada Uomo; silk-sleeper top by Tracy Costum; Opposite: Poplin track coat by Bernabé; wool overcoat by Paul Stuart; wool pants by Paul Stuart; boots by Rush Puggers





PRODUCTION BY PATRICIA BROWNE, STADIUM VISIONS MADE BY GUY LAURENT FOR BUREAU
ART PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROBERTA SUTHERLAND FOR BUREAU



Hip Classics

Wool blazer and cashmere
cardigan by Paul Stuart,
stretch-wool pants by
Richard Tyler Opposite:
Double-breasted wool-
and-angora polo-coat and
single-breasted stretch-
wool suit by Richard
Tyler; cotton shirt by
Gucci, silk tie by Valin,
shoes by J. M. Wella.

For more information
see page 156

CREATIVE SOLUTIONS

CEDAR STORAGE

Cedar products are the natural and aromatic way to store your clothes! Each item is handcrafted from solid, top-quality real cedar. Not only will your clothes smell great, real cedar acts as a moth and insect repellent. Moths are repelled by cedar's aroma... which keeps them from laying eggs, a cause of damaged clothing. Your best line of defense: any or all of these aromatic closet and underbed cedar products!

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CARS

Phil Patton

A New Face for Mercedes

THE MAIN TRAIN STATION IN Stuttgart is surely the only one in the world with the wisdom of a great philosopher etched across its facade—in neon. Beneath a tower topped with a huge rotating arrow Mercedes stands in this line from Mopar, a local boy who made good: THE FEAR OF MAKING A MISTAKE TELLER. That warning could have guided Mercedes, which does not tolerate mistakes, in creating its new E-Class, a line that for a decade and a half no one else has been a paragon of over-engineering.

LOOK AT THE WORLD THROUGH NEW EYES, read headlines for the car, suggesting a new wilderness. Larger, sturdier, and wider but only a couple of inches longer, the new E is more clearly distinguished by its own eyes: upright oval headlights that sport optional new screen lamps. Mercedes would have us believe that this new front represents the face of the company's future: more efficient, more marketing driven, in the long—but, above all, more emotional.

Mercedes has always been slow changing and long lasting. But gradual change, Hegel taught, becomes sudden. Progress gradually rises until, say, a Berlin Wall falls like a shillelagh, spewing dangerously slow bumper-like Whirlwinds and lightning westward. On the evening today you have to look out for cars behind you and slow cars ahead of you, not only on a car like the E, with enough torque to accelerate out of danger (the new model's 24-hp six-cylinder at 175 horsepower seems quickly than before) and brakes to stop about it. The door on the new E is twice the size of the old bodies.

The E has long been a dead-on solid, if not solid, vehicle and so durable that used examples for sale are rare and expensive. Its body is now even more rigid, crumple zones—a Mercedes weakness—absorb more impact, and side-impact air bags have been added. The new generation

models make that dead forward from the crowd, cast a powerful spray, then vanish like vapors. Soon to arrive is a driver-control system the company calls ESP that, as if by subliminal suggestion, responds not just to momentum and wheel motion but to changes in the car's yaw around its center. Down the road is a Global Positioning System that will speak to you in a thirteenth voice like Marisa Sogliavola. In a couple of years, Benz engineers promise, a rear-view device will automatically activate the powerful mirror, housed in a turret like a tank's, that drives the single-armed wiper.

The company showed off the new cars on a course that began at the first headquarters outside Stuttgart, where the cars stood waiting in natural rows, and roared along autobahns and Alpine switchbacks. One stop was Hohenheim castle, built in the early 1950s to fulfill a monarch's dream of medieval times, with Dürer-esque towers and turrets. The cars fought a perfectly even, a perfectly even, to the castle, over timber, wooden drawbridges and through dragonflies to tunnels. The smell of new brake pads and engines being broken in swelled about the ramparts like the smoke of battle.

One evening, the company sought to display its new emotion with performances of anger, dance, music, and acrobatics inside an antique circus tent. Mercedes's top designer, Bruno Sacco, the thin Italian, sat watching, seething. Afterward, he explained that the inspiration for the new E's cool eyes came one day when he and his designers were simply "playing with legends." Sacco then carefully choreographed the top management's final choice of the new face from among six full-scale models of real vehicles.

But though the face is new, the rest of the car is still as chunky as an unshredded paper bag of 100's Phenomenology of Mind. The old diagonal taillights have been replaced with ones that suggest Acura more than Benz. In the works is a coupe that extends the whole rounded roof to the rest of the car. For now, though, the E reveals a company in transition, one still daunted by tradition all at once with ease, unemotional about emotion, and fearful of error. **M**



Making eyes: A fresh look.

Mercedes-Benz E320 Technical Features

Engine: 3.0-liter 217-horsepower in-line six

Acceleration: 0 to 60 in 7.6 seconds

Top speed: 130 mph

Other features: Sun-belt fence

Uniform-motion-economic

voice, four mpg-buffers

Base price: About \$44,000

Will Blythe

Hauteur, Hauteur

HIS CLAIMS AT TOO BAFFLEFUL, as if during you to say something stupid or unkind about his writing about literature, about the world, about anything. Moments before the photographer arrived, he would have slipped into his coat pocket the famous three-by-five note cards on which he composed his fiction and prepared his "spontaneous" responses to interviewers. With the evidence of his awesome literary ladders, he now runs—the epic and tragic, one suspects, of the mere God of Genesis (especially if he had the fashion sense to wear the rumpled black suits of the Old World cosmopolite). The philosophy of a god is all there: the masses, polygenetic forebears, the smoky-eyebrow beauty that comes from creating something as expressive as a universe, and the slight melancholy (in the eyes) at seeing how it will live in time. Only in the eyes of memory will his Paradise endure.

Vladimir Nabokov was such a god, but an ironic one: an admiral, not just of twentieth-century literature but of his fictional universe, which he ruled over with an iron fist (gripping a pen of whiteness). "My characters are glibly selfish," he proclaimed. Not for him the MFA classes about protagonists "taking over" the story from their authors. He killed off any number of his low-level heroes before they could make a break for it. *Invitation to a Beheading* (Knopf) makes clear, over time, Nabokov became an increasingly demanding if playful, creator who sealed his theocratic befford Russian emigrants into a machinistic universe of his own design in the same manner in which he trapped his beloved models and beauties in killing pits.

Of the many fine novels here, thirteen have never before been collected. They were written in the 1920s and 1930s and mostly published in obscure Russian émigré journals at a time when Nabokov, having abandoned his homeland after the Bolshevik revolution, pursued a transient living in Berlin by giving lessons in English, prosody, boxing, and tennis. For all of his gifts, some of these stories seem dated, creating the slightly acid odor of nostalgia, it's as if his son, translator, and executor, Dmitri, had been drawing out the family treasury, only to discover the literary equivalent of dropping linen from the rotary outlets of a vanished aristocracy with his deuced taste.

"Wingspread," for instance, describes the overhauled passion of a lonely refugee for a beautiful British woman who has been rejected, it turns out, by some sort of furry angel. Though "Wingspread" may be swooning and agitated, it at least lacks the sticky overly sugared rhetoric of "Godd," which ends with

the following rhapsody: "And I want to rise up, throw my arms open for a vast embrace, address an ample, luminous discourse to the invisible cosmos. I would start like the 'O' rainbow-colored gods." "I say to you: These stories feel a little too well, dressed, a tad too in love with themselves as gently self-sufficient islands of art."

But that's hardly the case with all of the newly assembled work. Many of the stories' shabby, dispossessed grandeur ache with a palpable longing for the Russia of Nabokov's childhood. In the charming "Russian Spoken Here," a family of refugees in Berlin approached a Soviet agent in their tobacco shop and implored him to their bathroom, where he seduced on a mattress in the bathtub while they fastidiously fed him a diet of old Russian novels. He appears to look forward to a long and happy incarceration. And the scintillating "La Ventrana" (composed in 1914, fresh-faced Nabokov's propensity for fairy-tale settings and puzzle making). The story presents the classic case of a character—a shy, low-class young man common to the author's fiction—stepping in and out of a painting. He wakes up in the morning on the lawn of the estate, clutching a foreign woman from the artwork. Artifice is laid bare here; the author's sleight of hand always imposed to shatter the sophisticated dream of realism.

In the winter of 1939 to 1940, Nabokov stopped writing Russian prose and, shortly thereafter, moved to America and composed in English. "Contradictedly" despite his reservations about his new literary tongue. What followed, of course, are some of his greatest books: the memoirs *Invitation to a Beheading*, the novels *Invitation to a Beheading* and *Invitation to a Beheading*, and of course several extraordinary stories that surpass nearly all of the Russian language narratives. One of the finest is "Signs and Symbols," a witty yet eerie account of an old Jewish couple in an unnamed American city whose son is confined to a mental hospital for "reflexed mania."

Against the dark preoccupations of twentieth-century authors, Nabokov stands apart as a kind of scientist of happiness and nostalgia. Nearly all of the stories in this rich collection are modern fairy tales, unfolding in an alternative reality, strangely airy and theatrical and yet undeniably opposed to the historical barbarities that Nabokov himself fled from twice. They rebuke the victimhood of history by offering the innocent's sublimity appearing to take no notice. Oh, sure, the occasional Bolshevik or tyrant wanders rather clumsily through the enchanted realism of Nabokov's stories, but he is soon dismissed by being turned by the author into pure literature. It's the sort of magical transmutation that only a god can achieve. ■



Literary god Nabokov

MR. PEEPERS, ESQ.

(continued from page 16) hair like "Mr. his black hair." So I've combined Fable and Will for the Peepers Plan, which throws some shrewdly had habits into the mix. O. Matic with the good.

Morning: Will's forty-five minutes' long and hard, for and wide: all the heart beats and the sweat drops (Peepers) Crunches and fakes, squats flat and looks fresh green (Fable) Lowers to a low of 25,000 lbs. of natural bear costume (Will) Bob fifteen minutes. Two glasses of purified water and a bagel dipped in olive oil (Peepers)

Lunch: 400-500 lbs. of mixed vitamins E, with mixed ascorbols, 200-300 micrograms of selenium. Becomes can garlic, milk (Will) Two glasses of water (Fable) lightly mixed with 200-proof liquid to taste (Peepers) Chair dips, lurches (Fable) Moral resistance techniques with sympathetic personal trainer Dennis Dougherty (Peepers)

Goodies: Here the a little more or paper anatomy with your metaphoric drink (Fable) as it is not to think of a "glorious beheading" (Shaw) as bear pelted dipped in Ben & Jerry's Chunky Chunky ice cream (Peepers) Use mouthwash to ward off toxic acids, breath and floss or make a trade to throat lingers (Fable) Shredded parrots, four glasses of water, suck pimento from olive, insert straw stick straw in bottle of choice (Peepers)

Dinner: 1,000-1,200 mg of vitamin C (Will) Cook in little busy pots, use vegetable oil (Fable) as it is not to think of a "glorious beheading" (Shaw) as bear pelted dipped in Ben & Jerry's Chunky Chunky ice cream (Peepers)

After dinner: Far mind/body health, do not go to see Shogun (Peepers)

Bedtime: 1,000-1,200 mg of vitamin C (Will) "A peeing session before substantially fewer calories than does

vigorous sexual intercourse" (Fable) Allow the universe to breathe into you (Will) Suck sugar off dish of crystallized ginger. Fifteen-minute release: rubbing

(Peepers) Powder larger questions like, How do you know when the so-its-gone had? (Aston)

All day and part of the night: For vegetables, fruit, grapes, garlic. Fish. Use olive oil, not margarine or butter. Breathe (Fable) (Will) Accept change, live in the now, release all negative emotions such as hate, resentment, envy, fear (Fable), which means leave New York, L.A., Paris, London, Milan (Peepers) Set aside a thirty-minute worry period each day (Fable) Fanny if necessary (Peepers) Go on a news-free paper on TV (Fable) A day with out gossip is like a month in a lighthouse. Search for a life outside life (Peepers) Do two yoga breathing exercises (Will), but skip the "belly breathing" if daily garlic has already been consumed (Peepers)

IN EACH OF these books the reader knows where he is right away. Will Will, it's the man from, search for a life outside life (Peepers) as it is not to think of a "glorious beheading" (Shaw) as bear pelted dipped in Ben & Jerry's Chunky Chunky ice cream (Peepers) Use mouthwash to ward off toxic acids, breath and floss or make a trade to throat lingers (Fable) Shredded parrots, four glasses of water, suck pimento from olive, insert straw stick straw in bottle of choice (Peepers)

Last summer, in a Christian Science Reading Room on Madison Avenue in New York, there were six clocks. Each wall rate combined with another word: THREE, THEN, ONE, SEVENTEEN, LASTINGNESS, IMMORTALITY, FORTITUDE. The hands of the clocks were feathers and the time they kept was modern Christian. Reckoning clock of time in mortal measurement. Infinity is the only truth. The clocks turned all day and night and one went on tickled by a Fisher. Not a beheading. Ben & Jerry's Chunky Chunky ice cream (Peepers)



Ben Franklin wanted to make it the national bird.

We settled for making it the national bourbon.



WILD TURKEY
101 proof, real Kentucky

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MR. PEEPERS, ESQ.

Julie Baumgold

Broccoli = Life

I FORGET TO FEED THE HUMAN. That means everything up. No frozen banana stems to lusciously flavor. Fabio's Jane Fonda in the morning, so how can I begin the day? How can I start this new program of staying alive without all the stuff?

Otherwise, I'm prepared. I have the green tea, the tola, the gink, the ginger, the Ginkgo biloba extract, the right Siberian ginseng, the milk thistle, the lion's mane, the mushrooms, the fish with omega-3s, the twenty-five thousand IUs of natural beta-carotene, the two hundred micrograms of selenium, and the right hundred IUs of natural vitamin E with mixed tocopherols—but why go on? I forget to freeze the banana, and now everything is spoiled.

Already I'm caught in a "light building, eye-drama," exposed to toxic overload—having just read three new books: *Fisho Amino* by Fabio Spontaneous Healing by Dr. Andrew Weil, and *It Live with Daylight: A Memoir of Recovery* by Wilfred Sheid—and don't want. Each one is charming and terrifying. Especially Sheid's, which makes no recommendations. The others are full of sermons. They are all about the greedy desire to live. Longer, better, premier. To solve the unsolvable, medicate the impossible, exercise death. Be your own doctor so that

Broccoli=Life

Broccoli=Life

Broccoli=Life

Vanity is only a little part of it. Why are people so driven to these complicated regimens, to care for themselves so meticulously? Instead of doing penance or debating Tolstoid poems in a study house, the current doctor in the second wave of self-absorption are not buying medicines and reading these esoteric guides—if you do this or that, you won't get sick or die. But of course you

Don't hate him because he's beautiful. Get on paper drink water. Ready for the Fabio fitness program.



will. You will get sick, then die (unless you're lucky like Bing Crosby and live over in a golf course).

Against this backdrop of anguish, the very words of Sheid, who has had polio, cancer of the tongue, addiction to pills (Haloperidol and Avon) and alcohol, depression and dissolution, moments, and more. Unrepentant even in rehab, he did not buy the cult plant-based, the whole new gospel of the recovery industry, but found his own way through. On the way, in this chronicle of bravery and defiance, he made sad discoveries. "Surely the whole point of growing up was not to have to drink water with one's meals," he had once thought, but he was wrong. Like any artist, all his pride was reserved for his work.

"Self-interest" was, moreover, a phrase that put me finally in mind of a Jose Austin dogman putting his stomach," he writes. "There is nothing like the cheerful sufferer who has been there and can report back."

FOREWARNER: I'M READY to take green gel caps filled with gritty green substances and enter the world of good brown fat and aged garlic, but what I've found is that to do it right, staying alive is a full-time job. Weil, who went to Harvard Medical School and disapproves of much of conventional medicine, has an eight-week program. Fabio, who generously uses and credits assorted experts, has his own plan. Of course, anyone could go nuts following all the disorienting and's branding, shopping for vitamins, trying to eat six green servings a day, meeting broccoli quotients, ordering the Abbot machine or Jane's Ab and Back Plus.

It's a life of chopping, peeling, cooking, soaking the most sought-after chutney in water, and rinsing the organic cheese. There must be time for crunching and squeezing and locating arcane Chinese (continued on page 157)

Marlboro Lights



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide

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Calvin Klein
underwear